1937

1936 WALKER'S "YEAR-AT

	JANUARY					FEBRUAR					[illegible]					[illegible]				
SUNDAY - -	29	5	12	19	26	...	2	9	16	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
MONDAY - -	30	6	13	20	27	...	3	10	17	24	2	9	16	23	30	...	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
TUESDAY - -	31	7	14	21	28	...	4	11	18	25	3	10	17	24	31	...	7	14	[illegible]	28
WEDNESDAY -	1	8	15	22	29	...	5	12	19	26	4	11	18	25	...	1	8	15	22	29
THURSDAY -	2	9	16	23	30	...	6	13	20	27	5	12	19	26	...	2	9	16	23	30
FRIDAY - - -	3	10	17	24	31	...	7	14	21	28	6	13	20	27	...	3	10	17	24	...
SATURDAY - -	4	11	18	25	...	1	8	15	22	29	7	14	21	28	...	4	11	18	25	...

	MAY						JUNE					JULY					AUGUST					
SUNDAY - -	...	3	10	17	24	31	...	7	14	21	28	...	5	12	19	26	...	2	9	16	23	30
MONDAY - -	...	4	11	18	25	...	1	8	15	22	29	...	6	13	20	27	...	3	10	17	24	31
TUESDAY - -	...	5	12	19	26	...	2	9	16	23	30	...	7	14	21	28	...	4	11	18	25	...
WEDNESDAY -	...	6	13	20	27	...	3	10	17	24	...	1	8	15	22	29	...	5	12	19	26	...
THURSDAY -	...	7	14	21	28	...	4	11	18	25	...	2	9	16	23	30	...	6	13	20	27	[illegible]
FRIDAY - - -	1	8	15	22	29	...	5	12	19	26	...	3	10	17	24	31	...	7	14	21	28	...
SATURDAY - -	2	9	16	23	30	...	6	13	20	27	...	4	11	18	25	...	1	8	15	22	29	...

	SEPTEMBER					OCTOBER					NOVEMBER					DECEMBER				
SUNDAY - -	...	6	13	20	27	...	4	11	18	25	1	8	15	22	29	...	6	13	20	27
MONDAY - -	...	7	14	21	28	...	5	12	19	26	2	9	16	23	30	...	7	14	21	28
TUESDAY - -	1	8	15	22	29	...	6	13	20	27	3	10	17	24	...	1	8	15	22	29
WEDNESDAY -	2	9	16	23	30	...	7	14	21	28	4	11	18	25	...	2	9	16	23	30
THURSDAY -	3	10	17	24	...	1	8	15	22	29	5	12	19	26	...	3	10	17	[illegible]	31
FRIDAY - - -	4	11	18	25	...	2	9	16	23	30	6	13	20	27	...	4	11	18	25	1
SATURDAY - -	5	12	19	26	...	3	10	17	24	31	7	14	21	28	...	5	12	19	26	2

[illegible] CO. LTD. No. 70. WALKERS "YEAR-AT-VIEW" CALENDAR REFILL. No. 70. LONDON

1937.

10th Jan. Another wonderfully brilliant day. And Tommie is dead & buried yesterday, just as Clive was saying that no one had died lately. Also there's York dead in Chelsea. But Tommie's death is a queer piece of work. We said on the whole perhaps it was a good thing. Because for the past 3 or 4 years, we had scarcely seen him: when we did he seemed enraged by his own misery: could it work, had been a failure: for everyone & everything he'd in a kind of egotistic rage. Thomas L. said he would sit on the lawn there by the hour denouncing women, complaining of his own lot. And he had grown unseemly fat, white unwholesome looking, was said to drink. Duncan said he spent most of his time in the public houses near Tottenham Court Road. Drinking. And Julia said no one could live with him. Though she loved him. Everybody said one thing or another, & he had cocked a snook at them, gone off. His own inhouse work he broke over that bust, when I took a thunder at the unhappy his neurotic & clinging persistency, & perhaps behaved, though I did't mean to, at the time, unreasonably, perversely. But he was such an egotist: such a man for confiding, & selling wound up in the miserable intricacies of his own psychology. Remember his laughing out on the history of his own suffering, which

began, alone, with his mother + father, who understood
him as a child. Then there was Sassoon's death;
then the difficulties with Julia: how she felt in
love with someone else; how he still loved her.
But the odd thing was that he had, I can say,
great sensibility: a human chain, + sympathy —
for instance when Duncan was ill at Castle-
I remember how he came in to the drawing room
at 37 with his arms open: Nessa Kenny him in
Jean. And then when Carrington killed
herself, I came round that evening to break the news
to him; I shouldn't let the shock fall on him.
Yes. I remember his curious, squashed face, his
ruthlessness, something eager + friendly + warm, quivering
about him. Here he sat in the drawing room,
when we lit the stove for the first time + the
room was full of smoke: + he talked about
me then: my work: not himself. He was
extremely logical. Acting cut him off.
And he had a great gift for making people
love him: Angus, Eddy, Barbara. But there was
something twisted, deformed in him: some
shudder of profound distaste, + uneasiness.
Lately he had tried, I think, living alone with
Country; didn't like it: used to haunt
Sussex houses; deserted the respectable. N. +
D. say they had it seem him for a long time.
And then he catches some germ, goes to a
nursing home in Boscombe, from the Johns
where he was Thagey: the only person
he wanted to see was Olivier: + so died
aged 35. A tragic, wasted life. Something
wrong in it; + wrong that we shouldn't
feel sinner. Get me down, big fish + start to
this very fine spring morning.

Adrian, who rang up, said it was a very good thing his death. That he was in a hotel in Rhodes. He had not heard of the death. only had overheard someone say "Poor Tommie."

I have scrubbed this down, because this an off morning. I am trying to screw myself to send an article to the N. S & Jerking. My Jebbon wants polishing; & I've got out of the mood. So let me go on to Elizabeth & Polonius & Octavia Hillberforce, before Quentin & Angelica come to our last coast Turkey.

They live in one of those wounded houses in Bryanston Montpelier Crescent — a stained crescent; a solid, clean, rather unsophisticated house. Mrs R. sat alone in her own room, a backroom, with well polished tables, (the Hans Sloane Fabia Legs) leather solid books, covers on things, a sketch of W. Hilberforce over the fire: a large coal fire: Everything very much in span; documents on the writing table; as if she had good housemaids. She is old, but not wizened. Her face is perhaps slightly waxed, but crinkled. Her hair is curled & giggled. Her eyes, I. said, a faeries eyes: very intense: suddenly intensifying, like an actress. All her movements angular, intense, from rather rigid. She slammed us, very tensely, but compactly, about her book. And Lord knows you told the truth, or at least as much as Good what we said, for she is hard on prime: but she had an interesting highly charged past undoubtedly: She held much in reserve. I respect the loss of a great many emotional & physical Experiences, which have crystallised into packed & Edged views: on life, on religion, or rather the Dislike of religion: on work, on sex. The woman launches into a panegyric, very tense too & Rylands, when O. W: when in the came — a

very fresh coloured healthy minded doctor, in black,
with loops of silver chain, good teeth, a
candid kind smile which I liked. Opposite my
plate the head butler like Chinese statue & W.W.
opposite to another of Hannah More. Then let us
— the same — to discuss over, Church mystical, relationships:
from that we settled to Education - She had nurse: to families -
She had 9 in family: & they covered her, though unwanted
though pressure of antiquated family feeling & prejudice, to
they at home. Only though a great struggle did she
break off, become a doctor. People in Brighton, where she
has practised for 13 years, when Bertie sometimes 6 a
hour a day: don't have children: their husbands go to
London to work in office. They sometimes take a
drive — & so on. Had the flushed & exuberant
feeling which means I liked him there & talking & we
broached many scraps of memories. How father asked
E. R. to come when he gave his Forgotten Benefactor
talk. "But I couldn't say what it made me feel ...
It was tremendous - very courageous of them -
couldn't think how he had the courage. No. Howell
never say what I felt about that much". To the
Chips & cuts off. And about 7 we went out
into the dark Crescent. I thought, Now what are
they saying about us? I hoped I had made a
good impression. O. said I must have great
knowledge of other peoples lives to write A.R.P.O.
That pleased me, having read that moment something
about my (typical Emphasis) Oh but I'm going to
Write as Cleopatra's needle when I get onto my
old nightmare: we can't part. Which I
can too. And L. is giving Sally a run
up to her bath: I must do a wash in this
Extraordinary hot spring morning. Work, work
work — that's my final prescription — what
writes to Rupert.

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Sunday
Jan. 18th

Home again. Low & grumbling, making Mabel a beg en
which to hang his mercy. Oh dear. But rather a
good evening all the same. Not a mia morning
though: troops: dust. How great London is however. Not
a round. I must make up my mind to work.
I wish I had the enchanted circle ready. First
must tidy up. Throw away all the old flam like
fat things: clear & fresh. Lunch with Clive
tomorrow to meet I don't know who. That great
mystery rather amuses me. I think Jack Hills
Violet Dickinson: a play may be to read.
I shall also go to the stat Jack: etc the Zoo.

Chapman:
Mary Baker:
Virginia Pratt:
Tomlinson:

Monday
Jan. 21st

News that Mrs West is dying of pneumonia.
A melancholy walk with L in the rain. The
usual hospital: & this too: that I was too sleepy,
& also friendly enough, & never asked her to dine.
I must conquer this absorption & poverty
& be like one can do: but at least do it
if possible. Such a multi relationships. I
think I might have gone in
& was never shall.
Mrs West died yesterday. And Mrs Howlett
& Mrs Beran. All at working: And
Mrs Hepworth is now ready about her job. W
pour. Last night I turned Nessa to steel by
talking about Sir Percy & Mrs Cowie
transformed: as some tragic heroine come,
Rowley. Visit to lunch today. Jolly
Ibbys. Wish now I knew what do the A. Archer
Leaflet — & then? Oh some stuff to be
A S?

NYPL

Saturday, Jan 2nd

A drizzling foggy day: Mrs Wests funeral at Golders Green. The same table, the same flowers: a white purple cotton: a large cyf Eagle like paper: & a basket of ♯ brown, dowdy, very old & sad feeble members: Mrs Howlett they mourn. Mrs Howlett with knotted hands - an old sick face: blue steady eyed eyes. Nothing dumpier & less feminine cd. be imagined. And we were forced to wait high heavy 4)d a some such minutes: about saints redeem thee due: alleluia - one the hearse men from the undertakers, & one of the crematorium servants rang: one a woman peeped up: but Gone out. L. & I sat gravely. The attendant then touched a spring. The white coffin slid high: after which we gathered in the Closette & unpacked the wreaths. Mrs Howlett then was led forward, & formally threw hard & thanked us for our letters. As for Mrs Best, had she been a kitten or a puppy) that one wd. have felt as much. And yet there was something alive, human, kindly, Even merry in the basement room where the sat surrounded with heat pipes; a Rolled hose: a carved wooden flower, as Persia or green linoleum. Mrs L. came up & said the was left £ 2 & what little money belonged to Margaret. One thin wreath was what L. called a heat resisting wreath. Mrs Schuyler was there. But Mrs Smith & the whole Mrs W. enjoyed the H.P. She liked literary parties. I had an unselfish - quite unclouded temper. But the service - the reality.

28th Jan.

I ended it
12th Oct. 1937
(provisionally thatus)

Lunch once more in the happy Jamestown Mean: That is
I may begin 3 Glencairn this morng. Can't stop
thinking it. The plan is to write it out now,
without more palaver, & then perhaps it might be
roughed in by Gale: but I shall allow myself,
make myself, scribble a little article or two
between whiles. Then I hope to blot out this
horrid March 15th: when I get to my Jean
haven't reached America. I must plate myself
against that sinking & mad. And so far as I can
do, the method is almost two effectual:
I. Item Mrs Large abstains: does exercises
Nutcheon to meat wells; & now must rush up
to lunch.

29th Jan.

Wells rather thrush. Hair dark brown, but has the
dyed appearance of hair that is brown on an old
face. Lines near mouth: when he plumbed out.
He was very affable: put both hands on top of his
stick & rested his upper mouth on them & smiled.
Budbey is a sympathetic broad faced slow moving
person: dignified & sincere, thinks
slowly unmelodiously. Even able to imitate her slow
broken English when Thyra. When Thyra
Chorps. He rattles on, & was often apprehensive
of the hesitation at first think. He made
talk about Scotland: then he laughed at
Compton Mackenzie, always dung up: then
switched off onto the poverty of author,
instanced Aumord. He tottered up &
Ephene & accepts. Then we got onto Ramsay

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politics or somehow to Tom Shut Teeth he called him with a hiss of despite: & then proceeded to say how he, what I think meant me, had been the death of both literature. Afraid of being vulgar, that's what was at the root of it. And Tom's religion. By that we came to the Archbishop. I wonder what any train in my foolish little head, I wish they would reveal this time: does Cosmo Gordon Lang ever shine at dead weights face his friends? we all have to— But how he... & so on. He likes to be listened to; & to chatter on, loosely generally, as he used to me when the gentlemen came upstairs— he's in bed a long time at last. Then he lay back in the arm chair, put his two hands, still together, & chirked away. Sometimes Audrey interrupted with her solemn intones: attacked Germany; defended Frau. It was old man's talk: mellower than I remembered: mischievous; even a little bleared; kindly in his way; merry. Had been warned off the air for some joke; all the daily hunt for another joke. He gave the impression that on the whole he's detached salaried letter man; envious & his lack of destructive; prone to map strange prejudices; introduced a mystification "Cricketers"; content & much with his position, a merely inherited title. He wished to live to be 170. is 70. Had one seen him behind a counter he would have seemed the very type of busy little grocer. Wouldn't have detect any man behind his bearded head And I suspect that when he lays his wings

of dead cypress there are a good many books that he thinks pretty. trash: — he shuffles his hand among the loose innumerable pages; & then reads at Colburn: but remembers that he has done a vast many pounds. : thinks it worth all this; & is amused at the idea he has made — from Bloomsbury Court to Regents Park: the Baroness; & suffers the greatest circulation in the whole world. A humane man in some corner: also brutal; also entirely without vanity.

Then I scribble with the now darkening skylight: we are not going to Rudmoch: I need not present pages to the young Animal Fanciers; & we are waiting to see if Mrs Rich & Rich & Cowan will talk us about Miss Lange.

Night unconscious pain like vapour already over me: prelude to the pain. Miss Bevan has read the proofs but says nothing: She will presumably have read & did say nothing. And I must effect that attitude in my friend heart. And I must beg myself dog in 3 guineas... so that the other voices are many head. I would be immensely depressing; but I'm no doubt dear survive.

Friday
Feb. 12th

why should I write here? why shd I am absolutely anxious. I. c. sought a Harley St specialist at 4 today to get a report: whether the sugar meant diabetes or prostate gland or nothing serious. And I must face facts: how to keep cool, how to control myself, if it is a bad report. Work is my only help. Whatever conclusions I came to last night. Probably this only a question of treatment. Anyhow we shall soon know, unless he keeps us hanging about.

Was a very fine cold day, we are going straight on down to Rodmell where there is a L-party meeting & to dinner. I have been working hard since Jan 28th at 3 pm each day, & must simply keep at it. Even if I don't manage to finish it — & I expect I shall — that is the one support. I have got to write from — that is I am I know all I want to say rather roughly pre-daily into the form. Various people stimulate me out: but that becomes very dim. We had Lw the angels about Julian — he tells C. Mauron that he means to enlist for Spain. Comford son was killed there last week. But I can't feel that now as they like so much as did before the battened. Nena was in one of the underground rooms on Monday when we went in. Always that astounding depth of despair. But I must fight. Make my instinct. And happily these statements may be extreme: but we are faced with a horrid afternoon: & I can't ignore it. Odd this how we attend & activis — that we have to be ready for — makes thinking impossible. I feel like the man who had to keep dancing on hot bricks. Can't let myself stop. How I suffer. I wish home ate. Explain why Tuesday when write kept Diaries.

Monday 15th Feb

Oh what a heavenly drive down to Redmere on Friday
Evening with that weight off us! I walked
Hastily first up, down up, down for an hour;
people looked at me: I bought a paper: dropped my
hand kerchief: always returned to the wrong door 7 149
People kept on going in & out. & I hardly could
make myself turn my back. At last just before 5
L. came in his new lightgrey coat, & smiled. well he
was just composed. And the whole thing at once
felt in a different proportion. Goldham thinks it only
a case of diet: says he gets what sugar he wants
Even examine him for diabetes: said nothing about
prostate gland: found all again very healthy: told him
to continue taking as before until Hingman
Communicates. And L's symptoms are almost over
Now I may use down, what old relieved state
which seems as much physical as mental; & mine
body loved restful: & become warm & sleepy.
Got Mth. only at 7.30. had to dine hurriedly:
G. rang up to say his car had broken down: the
meeting. N. Lyons presumably a dabster: G.
Came at 9.30: in fur boots wet through: had
Dinner at 10.30: went back over the down in
the rain. And over my brandy the same
delicious Eau de Cologne, as yesterday
hope had been granted us. On Sunday
the O. had 2 little mildly appreciative notes
about the Year: I observed, with pleasure,
that all praise & blame & talk about
that book seems like tickling a rhinoceros
with a feather. This is true: a remarkable
& unnatural parallel with my 1932 philosophic
conclusion: one doesn't make: also with my
present absorption in Three Guineas

Thursday 18th Feb:

2003
1600
600
7:600

Have now written for 3 weeks at 3 pieces a day & have done 38 pages. Now I've another that requires monthly — wants a fourth page change. At what? Can't at the moment think. And a kind gentleman from the Motor Union has troubled my peace with a Copy of the Saturday Review re (Heta) in which I am called a matter of John & Lucas: a writer in shaded drawing rooms, or some. Now I must write me a few minutes to say this demon. I am just sure that the next lap going hope will be accompanied with whistlings & catcalls in this strain. We've another 15 days & go on writing they will probably change their tune. The question I have now to settle is what "attitude" to adopt. That kind of Silver has an unbelievably effect for the moment. A grown reason tells me that this the Boltbarcan Growl typifies rationalise itself. But must be Quit of the need even of defending myself. I want to forge ahead, on my own lines. To do this I must always have a book or article on hot: except when we can escape, as I hope in June, to other settings. But in London where I am exposed all day & every day to criticism some blistering & revolutionary is absolutely needed. And I think I've got to the tip of the tail — a new kind of indifference. I experiment with shades & sheens. How little they matter in the sum! how little they count with other people — how little the goodness or badness of my books affects the world. And there is the world — represented by picture galleries, the Caledonian market, Gibbon, Nina, Joseph M.H. walking, planning new arrangements of the room, & always throughout 2 or 3

much ahead.

Stephen Spender came to tea & dinner the other day. Rather a beautiful type conventionally handsome young man: dark thick, large blue eyes, skin always burning; great enthusiasm, but now tempered, & softly metalled, because, having married, his friend, the mad. Joined the F Legion, is fighting in Spain: Inez, who is political in the Oxford way only, left at Brussels studying Spanish MSS. Stephen finds this intolerable. When then did you marry, we asked, more or less. To stabilise things; because he dreaded the old Bowdler Tom pain life of William, safe by the fireside. Now it took two forms: to help get them in order should he be killed in Spain – but his only friend today – the man have her rob to pull back on. A curious interpretation of marriage. Dictated by the times. We like him: told him not to fight. He said about the Ancient Mariner. I read some up speaking – he said Mutrie brought in money. He argued that we cannot let the Fascists overrun Spain: then it'll be France; then us. We must fight. I said he thought things had now gone so far it did not matter. Fighting served no good. J. said the C.P. which he had that day joined, wanted him to be killed in order that there might be another Byron. He has a child's vanity about being interesting to me at the moment, a vanity about being interesting to me at the moment, a I'm working out the psychology of vanity. Then he went to speak about Spain at the Friends House, & we to lunch Vanya. A very cold night. Then left out my lunch with Christabel & various other entertainments. Oh yes, I'm also nervous about March 15 but can hold myself very much aloof. We were to see the Macarthys: but 'the eldest Miss Cornish died suddenly last night at St Jean-de-Montmartre – We shan't see the M's.

Friday 19th Feb.)

the difficulty just now facing me is how to find a publisher, a way of publishing, all the new ideas that are in me? I've written the money 3 descriptions of Stean ~~the~~ pictures; they can be printed by us no doubt, — sometime but not in circulation. But then there is in my drawer several think rather good sketches: a the a chapter on biography. Clearly there has entered Egg a new method of writing criticism. Rather thank so. I feel that I want some private way of producing them Nudes: these adumbrations. Nine walter thomson a paper the attitude changes. Those not long articles a N.S. article: yes I should want to keep them till those books, or shatter them out separately ... Lord knows. Stephen Hake the fruitful sense of power me. Gabriel Ethel Sands in black silver fox to tea; Carley had been to Elham Thorne: entre Ethel Ethel Hedley, meantime, shooting her lines as it were Wilkinson used to be called. Ethel Hitherto the rich dark & high literal life; talk of slavery. Italy sentiment: between between. Talked of her own funeral. Then was my pervasive joke with her — Then L. came, we talked about India. E. had been interred by the Lay-Leonian: mostly all by the vans: hear the temp. Jeh, like the She drew her finger along the table cloth. Then Vyse — I held with old Ethel: about her golden wedding present. Nan used to know about water gilding. The Sinclairs see no danger ahead for Cyprus. The the nephews tho' says there is her last winter's hunting. Ethel has a telescope eh. She will sell us cheap. Oh the want — Ethel stayed on. We dreamed the young: Catastrophe: then the worst, with the usual questions. but with Nan who has Egyptia. Molly Sata scalded her foot — died of heart failure.

TYPL

Sat. Feb. 20th.

I turn my eyes away from the Press as I go upstairs, because there are all the reviews copies of the Year packed & packing. They go out next week: this is my last week-end of comparative peace. What do I anticipate with such clammy coldness? Think chiefly that my friends wont mention it; will turn the conversation rather awkwardly. Think I anticipate considerable lukewarmness among the friendly reviewers - respectful perplexity; & a whoop of red Indian delight from the Griggs who will joyfully & loudly announce that this is the long drawn & twaddle ya pom preachin bourgeois mind, & say that now we can take Mr W. seriously again. But violence I don't mind much mind. What I think I shall mind most is the awkwardness when I go, say, to tea at Charleston, & they don't know what to say. And since we shant get away till June I must expect a very full exposure to this damp fog-work atmosphere. They will say it's a tired book: a last effort... well, now that I've written that down I feel that even so I can exist in that shadow. That is if I keep hard at work. And there is no luck of that. I discussed a book of illustrated incidents with Nessa yesterday; we are going to produce 12 lithographs for Xmas, printed by ourselves. Anne were talking, Mary Hutchinson up to ask me to see Julian Fry about Roger. So that begins to press on me. Then I want if possible to have 3 Gs. for the Autumn: 2 those my Sitwell, my broadcast, & a pamphlet leader on Biography to fill in cheaply. I plan to keep out of literary circles till the mild boom is over. And this, working, under consideration is after all the worst. Then June next month I shall feel more at ease. And by & by & then I mind now.

I presume what Squire means that he has now seen Mr W. has written a long book all about nothing &

Sunday
21st Feb.

Afternoon Sally Cartwright. I'd rather a fond: very
small red cheeked nimble & vivacious. We Chattered.
He lives in a pension at Brussels; is here to an
Ethan home near Manchester; & likes my books.
The last put some colour into my cheeks.
The new Masefield. Very the only living novelists
the young – he, Arnold Bennett, take seriously.
Indeed he admires a book I gathered, warmly.
For his books he has a passion. 'I'll come out
with it like Mr Woolf – just. I tell you a
person: he does the things I want to do...
a perfect contradiction – But I was saluted with my
share of the compliment wh- came very pat in
these days of depression. Arnold & he are writing
away together. He does the Prose, A. the poetry.
A. wants innumerable blankets on his bed;
innumerable cups of tea; then thats the shutters
& draws the blinds & writes. He is a most
appreciative merry little bird. A real novelist I
reckon: not a poet; just a acute observation
in character & scene. Asked him few 'novelists' I
know: the wd- interest me to discuss, but he
Sally rather muddled & pale: but then I'd & I were such
Chatterboxes. Finishing he said he must meet
John Andrews at Ruler's motor to Croydon.
has to fly to Paris for one day today. Such is
the life of the young when hope not preparing
Revolutions: one of the most vital & observant of
the young: & a relief after the mute dismals of the
others. In fact both he & Sally now think
things are going well in England, & that Madrid
wont fall. To tea Chop & chaps. Julian Fry
'done' 9 readers. Julian Fry
also for tea.

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Julian Tyrant night. Women about her ranch. The Andrew's
busy trade. Unfinished work: thin cows. sent to Ireland.
Stones eg dance: drive home; "living": We gave him
the honk honk honk a he ra ra ra; my wife's
parsonic: they say a man marries a woman like
his mother: no don't send me that bible. Like to
know yet (Roger praise) how it were there in —
envelope) don't read it. Stayed for 5/5 to
12. & she was sleepy etc talk of G. Sturgeon in
Rd Park. No time The translation boy
that extraordinary scribbly mean. Perhaps. The
translator coming. Shadrune a little Gouniac (?)
Not her name. And I had so much to write about
Julian, who is half a senatrix inflamed intellectual,
living with rather acute affections, perceptions in
Roger shade. (I was devoted to him: but he wanted me
to hate my habits almost. And) alone for weeks & this
open air, till I can walk out Farland. Even then I
was afraid a flambs. And then I drank too
much after tramps supper at Cambridge.. Oh Roger
always had so many things on hand. One felt one
didn't come up to his standard. Then there was
Chamfers: a the Ott. I didn't develop
that side of me till later. But I had a few
days quite alone with him — letters re (he's
very precise) that was July 1934. We drove
from Dieppe to Dijon. I had the impression
that he was much happier at Norwich one day
We can pantoscope: & we didn't meet a soul.
& I said to Eva, a few years ago he'd have
been raging, ramping — now he was as calm

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as anything.) What I meant was, this the shady Circled
Ride is only half of Julian: the other is the ordinary
Colonial, which I like too; all this Expert talk about
cattle: & the Coyotes, & how they ride. A good rider is
a man who can jump onto the saddle of an
unbroken horse, & let him while he breaks in two.
How Julian did this, & didn't catch onto the saddle &
fell: & was sent to bed. But he has a
great affection for that horse. A boy of 16 is now
in charge. The leathern they wear high heeled boots in
so that they don't catch in the stirrups. Only
through wearing those boots did we now here.
All the beef is sold to the miners going to Chena.
Beef is always good on sheep - not mutton.
And he likes riding all day after his cattle; &
thinks, at night, of the ten pounded them up
that he has done something doubts sometimes
crop up I suspect: about his wife too.
Doesn't know how one makes these decisions.
Roger always gave him very good advice. rather
casually I gather. And he drank a bottle & a half,
2 glasses & vermouth. & got a little "lit" as he would
call it. And he wd. have stayed talking about
Canada till one. I suppose the stimulus of novelty.
I don't see how one is to describe the translator. You
see that she wore some nice gold loops in her black dress;
is a nice woman I suppose with a part; amorous;
intellectual; loves her star in Athens; is un-
worth Jealous &c. redeemed. Nervous; a working
Fish woman; friend of the Margeries; mothers Aunt;
intellectual; we went through the names. What does
"See here he comes?" mean - woman.
And the Dr. says L. is quite normal!
Or ask that might have been
spared us.

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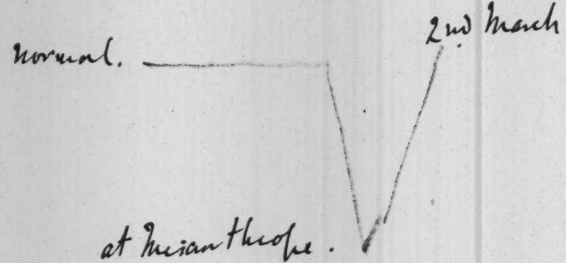
Dear Virginia, I am back when you get this, about
Westminster: wd you send word to 19
North Street when. when I can come over for
6 o'clock or dine alone Lehzt... Paris. 12.
23. 11. 1937. This despatch-case illegible
Cd ha just been brought me by L. of Lobby staff
material for memoir: raw matter to come in
when the history gets our times: also to fill
5 minutes before luncheon. I'm off again, after 5
days labor (writing Falls Voices) on 3 pictures: after a
most dismal hacking for a little canter, I hope now
to spin ahead. Odd that one sometimes does a
translation fairly luckily. A fleet day for a wander—
no one seen for ages: we went to Caledonian market,
Cd it find spoon shop: bought yellow gloves 3/— &
stockings 1/— & so home. Started reading French
again: Meanwhile robe à Colette, memoirs given me
last summer by Janet: when I was in the
dismal drome: Cd it fix on that or anything.
Today the Unicorn (oh d— this telly thought) has
been kept in me: but what care I for a
goose feather bed &c. Instant once I get into the
Caledonian 3 pf. Thanks I shall see only this
flank & the white rails & ground above to the
goal.

Sunday 28th Feb.

I'm so entirely interested in 3 games that I can hardly
persuade myself to write here. (have not last) again dropped
my pen to think about my next paragraph - universities —
law with that lead to professions or. It's a bad
habit. Yesterday I was effectively broken by
Dermod who came punctually at one, & stayed till
7.15. we did we stop talking all that time - Nor
was) one bored or wished it to stop. A great
tribute to D. Orit be paid. What did we talk about!
The Amberley Papers: the Russells: her self assurance
control: how she lie on the floor in an attitude
Calculated to attract, but pretends to ignore it.
New York nothing better than unicorn allurement
D. said. I said was he no longer attracted. And
he cried out No, it's all gone - ah yes - I was
man in a train said, I'm not impotent, but I've had
enough. The mechanic been to shut off all
thoughts of the nameless American lady. Anyhow
he was with her - dear old Dermod - a wound as a
marble: a paunch pendant: but nearly bald: with
an odd 18th Century look, as if he had been
drawn at the Club with Johnson - a kind of
Goldsmith or Boswell: a confirmed spirit. And
as Jack Sherman kindness as a rope plaster would
fuse. I think he had not heavily now not to write a
Great book but to be nice to other people. What
Cruel do you say, was his last remark on the train.
Alas, he caressed at the gear, oh. means — well,
never mind. We talked - we laughed, mercifully.
I went back to old talks with Hoffer - pathos
Shop, about Keplers style: he had the same
Inspiration - about the man who cut his

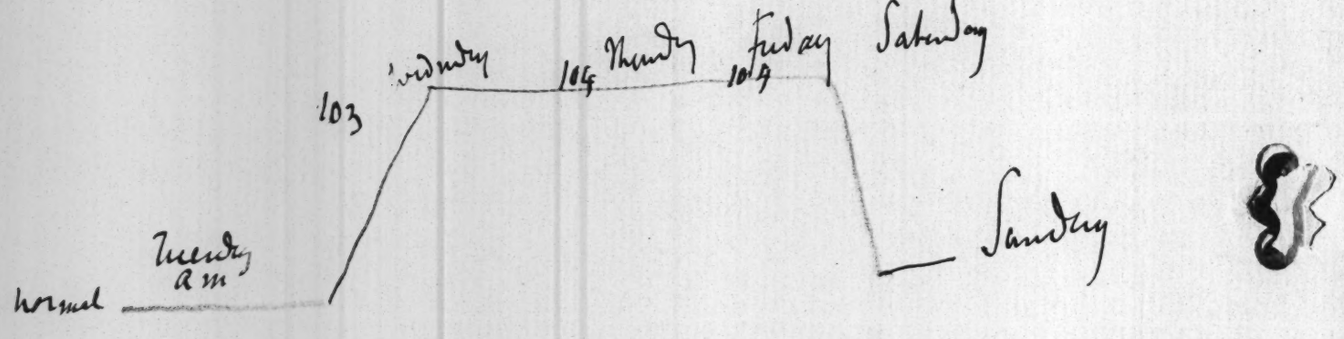
NYPL

throat looked like a rotten redbrant that had. Then her
Jack Squire has imposed another false leg when his
true leg. which is terrible unhappy. He does up
as Dr Johnson. but a thing without the power of
speech. Lives now with Mrs Lavender. drinks:
the teacher him not to drink the teacher he to drink.
Go to the death of Margaret Lomish after scalding
her foot in St James Hospital. He was rung up as she
was working at 2: went to the hospital: saw
the was dying. so red & panting. told her not
to be afraid. Molly her dead to hear so went
home. D. & Leahy rather. Her face breathing
was like a saw going up. down. And they pushed
oxygen: so that she lay tortured till 6.
when they heard the trump of the angels
early tea. the voices of children like birds. & then
the died. Sea of Dermid, infinitely human-
Lovable — a good Lord all from him to the other
world. Go to Rachel. Michael. & so —
but now it one, na snowy Sunday. he
were prevented from going to M.H. Mrs
Bevan blamed the car. Its axle hasto be
mended. But a wet dreary week end after.


normal.
2nd March
at Meiantheae.

Monday
March 1st

I wish I could write all my sensations at the moment.
They are so peculiar + so unpleasant. Pastey ? ? ?
wonder. A physical feeling as if I were drumming lightly in the
veins: very cold: impudent + terrified. Am I to be worn
Exposed as a heap to be put light. Very lonely. I want
to hunt- Nina has Queenie. I want me.
restless. No atmosphere round me. No words. Very
apprehensive. As if something cold + horrible —
roar of laughter at my expense were about to happen.
And I am powerless to ward it off: I have no
protection. And this anxiety + nothingness surround me
with a vacuum. Walter the Thighs Chaply. And
I want to hunt + to fear, but have nothing to fear.
Then a great restlessness seizes me. I think I could
walk + walk — walk, walk till I am asleep.
But I began to dislike that sudden dropped sleep. And I cannot
unfurl my mind + actively + calmly + consciously to
a book. And my own letters look dried up +
derelict. And I know that I must go on doing
this dance on hot brick till I die. This is a
little superficial I admit. For I can burrow under
both at myself displayed in this ridiculous way
+ feel complete submarine Calm: a kind of
Calm moreover which is a strength and I left the
future load: Can get that at moments: but the
Exposed moments are terrifying. Flushed at my
Eyes in the glass once, saw them frightened
terrified. It's the 15th March approaches I suppose
the dazzle of that head Camp or my Iron Attic
Rabbits body ah. keeps it dazed in the middle that
load. ( ) like that phrase. That gives me
Confidence)


Wednesday
Thursday
Friday
Saturday
103
104
104
Tuesday
a m
normal
Sunday

Tuesday
March
2nd.

I'm going to be beaten, I'm going to be laughed at, I'm going to be held up to scorn & ridicule - I found myself saying those words just now - yet I've been absorbed all the morning in the Am[s] part of 3 gp. And the absorption is genuine: my great defence against the cold madness that overcame me last night. Why did it suddenly pour down like a rain cloud, discharge all its cold waters? Because I was watched off to dowy Pictures in the morning: & then at the play, I suddenly thought this Book society has not even recommended the Year. That's true: but the R.S. is not an infallible guide. Eighteen more days of waiting must be a dark cold torture. I shall be happy two times next month I'm no doubt. Meanwhile, suffer me now & again to write out my horror, the sudden cold madness, how. This painful Joy! Which still. And it must be [illegible] as they take so bad in action am prospect. The worst will be that the book will be treated with tepid politeness, as an effervescent diluted fried book. Among other books have stirred up these: then me with sink slowly & heavily. But when that's said, need I fear more? I may get praise from some people - indeed I think there must be from 'Lercouvens' in it. And I can feel a little proud that I have faced the music: that we have sold 5,000 before publication: that we shall get some money: that I'm doing my share. - not merely subsiding into terrified silence. Also my own psychology interests me. I intend to keep full notes of my ups & downs. for my private information. And thus objectified, the pain & shame become at once much less. And I have proved to my own conviction that I can write with fury, with rapture, with absorption. Now the B.B.C. want a story.

Sunday March 7th.

We have sold 5,300 before publication

As will be seen on the last page my spiritual temperature went up with a rush; why I don't know, save that I've been having a good gallop at 3 guineas. Now I have broached the fatal week & must expect a sudden drop. Its going to be pretty bad, I'm certain: but at the same time I am convinced that the drop needn't be fatal: that is. The book may be damned, with least praise: but the point is that I myself know why its a failure. & that its failure is deliberate. I also know that I have reached my point of view, as writer, as being. As writer I am fitted out for another 2 books — 3 at Roger: (let alone articles): as being the interest & safety of my present like are unthrowable. This I have, honestly, proved this winter. Its not a gesture. And honestly the demonstration of same that people aren't as type enthusiastic. gives me the Chance to choose quietly. Also I am in a position to hold myself aloof. I need never seek out anyone. In short either way I'm safe. & look forward, after the unavoidable tones & tumbles of the next ten days, to a slow, dark, fruitful spring, summer & autumn. Then is retrospect I take one for all. And please to remember it on Friday when the reviews come in.

To look for tea yesterday. saw the old tramp women on the bank. lighting a damp fire & eating dry bread. I took what shelter we do then in my pocket. a curious comment. Saw also the monuments he bent as Lloyd George in 1702. Had battered Lancaster Jam. saw the girl going to the vicarage to rehearse a religious drama. May people. Ethel Sands Thaw Bennett. Elie Bowen. Mrs Lorb at Clivedon.

Monday 8th March.

What I noticed on the walk to Cockfosters were: the father mother & small boy: (to whom the school took off their caps. one said I saw her the glad eye) the father says "I've a large book waiting for you" the son keeping up. "I've got some stamps already" – the father. "I've form of lots of stamps" upon wh. I thought I d. if she had a son. Then the ~~tramps~~ walk round the park: how we had to walk on the Car is not broken. how attorney Sale & Evan Jones there was a notice This is Private Road: I thought how Caused the possessors of great parks who made us walk along the road, shared every second by a Car or a lorry: then the tramps. It was a wet cold day: had been raining in the night: the Span border very damp. The middle aged woman was trying to make a fire: a man in tow with Clothes was lying on his side in the span. Both had thick coats broad rather fustalent face, and they had fine oath. One spoke & even looked less long. when we came back after an hour the woman had got the fire to burn, & the man was sitting up, among some old clothes a bit of Derby paper: also what a small perambulator my some dust. He was cutting a thin of bread off a loaf. but there was no butter. At night it became very cold, & we sat down to tea Such I said he wondered how they spent the night I said probably they go to the workhouse. This fetched me with what shall we do then, eh. Send in the tram- But accidentally I'm not so much surprised as I expected Vivid, but rather wordy so far.

Wednesday
10th March

The fatal day is afterwards – at last I think I can sleep out
after this & begin a page I may have the Experience to-morrow –
when my letter reads this like an old Cigarette end.
But I'm too jaded with 3 Gs to care to find even the
right metaphor. In my perhaps cowardly wish to
have next week as an empty compartment I've
crammed the two last: had Chesterton yesterday; must
have Hamilton today; & to-morrow & suddenly
want to have both R. & Elaine tomorrow: &
the Raynals are dining. On Friday we get off –
the doomed discarded ridiculed nordlicht. What
Care I? I regret nothing. but I'm too jaded
Oh the relief! & bring me Letters to me in bed,
& Lord Ks gentle yawn. And notes: & J. & Ledwidge I'm
a fortnight nowhere a great lyrical poet. And I
can already hardly read through the reviews: but feel a
little dazed, to think them it not nonsense: it does
make an effect Get a home not in the East the
effect I meant. But no, my dear, after all that
agony, I'm for where? Rome: Can so just about
end so stop this Cry & content & other joy
Not Mt. Julian back today.
I use my last 5 minutes before lunch to note that
though I have plotted the fall & fret & despair even this
past few weeks wholly today, & think think reviews then;
I have ena more loaded myself with the strain of 3 Gs.
of which I have been writing hard & laboriously.
So here I'm strained to draw that last thigh about the
rough frame. It seems therefore that peace is no rest: no
sense of its touched. one always hankers away by
instinct: & can't live without the strain. Now the Gears
with completely die out from my mind
Car mended – Bat rain pouring:

Friday. 12th March.

NYPL

Sunday
14th March.

I am in such a twitter owing to 2 columns in the Observer praising the Jean that I can't, and foretold, Go. in with 3 guineas. Why I even sat back just now & thought with pleasure of people reading that review. And when I think of the agony I went through in this room, just over a year ago.... & then when it dawned on me that the whole of 3 years work was a complete failure: & then when I think of the moneys here when I used to stumble out & cut up those proofs & write 3 lines, then go back & lie on my bed— the worst summer in my life, but at the same time the most illuminating— it no wonder my hand trembles. What most pleases me this: is the obvious chance now that Jean may be not so entirely muted & obscured as I feared. The T.L.S. spoke of it as merely the death song of the middle class: a creative, a constructive book. Not that I've yet altogether read him: but he has poured on some of the key sentences. And this means that it will be debated: & this means that 3 g. will strike home very sharp & clear on a hot iron: so that my tremendous careful planning won't be baulked by time & life as I had made certain. Making certain however was an enormous discovery for me. Though I've had triumphs I applaud— to Jean this flamboyant language— & the afternoon when Desmond came, & Jan Hudson was there: & I almost

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Cracked with the wish to talk to him about the Gs & Jan Eaton. like some tepid headpoultice; & I summoned my Love, & Sorbet to talk to me about her own life & Ethel (that was a think) instead I letting the agonizing hour do its pain. Now at 2 o'clock money is assured: L. shall have his new car: we will be floated again; & my last lap — if I'm only 10 years & like more — should be fruitful. Work — work. But at the moment, the relief is so great, not think an ignoble fame, gratified relief — that I feel myself rocketing down. like a bird, a huge fowl Eaton. Jack I must remember that I'm bound to get a good many shrewd knocks. And much of the year is very feeble — for example the scene in the college this makes me blush.

Dinner at Charles last night. Julian grown a man — I mean grown, controlled, and quite embittered, somehow to me tragic with sadness now; his mouth & face much firmer; and he had been thinking in solitude. Nina said he hasn't altogether given up his idea of Spain: she'd defend, & getting a job here.

I felt him changed: taut tense, on the defensive: yet affectionate: but no hope spontaneous. He comes to tea today. Stud L. was irritated by the intense "self centredness" of family: Nina only care for her children: Julian can't even let her know his decision, so inconsiderate: all "on the make". This is partly due to his family complex: but there's some truth in it.

And now I can put my photography & the free soul into operation. Mark what I'm thinking — needn't do to the wedding anthem on the 20th. all Julian's can drop off.

15th March

Wandering a lazy morning. Tired in the head - Too much talk - Julian in Bunny - why do we live in such a way that the right sort of old friends & relations back from China give us a little thought - right I mean mercy for the first evening Jane? Julian yet a rather self centred. Can only think what he ought to do. Still of what he ought to do is something for the world at large, one must excuse this grinding grain upon a [illegible] Granite slab. Arthur, I suppose tired to write, I've been thinking Ld. I recast the rejected section of this year for the uniform edition? Why do I bother? Only I rather respect it needed for the whole argument - impress. But there it is, safe: I needn't consider this seriously at the moment. Kept at the back of my mind, I fancy from [illegible] - rare that things all go scatter brained - how far the book misses fire in that account: We are stopping at 3.30: L. has rang up the Rev & about 25 more Year have been ordered.

~~Four~~ 3
5,300 I think sold before publication

A good sale possible I think. Say 10, or 11, or 12,000. Brooding over Ibsen. Perhaps a week's break to finish that and be good. I dont think I shall much mind the chilli chatter; shall be glad when this following week is over: all revelries out & has forgotten: - then Lord the pleasure of coming here for 10 quiet days at Easter. And they shall be quiet too — That I swear we have done our duty by family & Society quite sufficiently.

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Wednesday
March 17th

The Communist press began its bitter jingoism yesterday — John Brophy in W.T. a tired anaemic middle class book. Who is that man is already rubbed out. But I'm too jaded to tackle the Professional Chamberlain 3 p. so wait here yesterday we had Rupert to lunch, who had never heard gone on my afternoon; & then I fetched my new hustle, & walked in the rain all across Hyde Park, now Spitz with coronation dents. The morning Neville Chamberlain is dead, & it's an off day for me. No reviews, Hope. I'll write a short letter; wait to go to Hayman. No. Must wait; & think I had better look at my Gibbon? Very much I have kept the week empty: save for the pleasant Hayward tomorrow. But we know that the Spectator is giving a whole page to the Year: that the E. Standard is giving 2 columns: Desmond promises 2 cols on Sunday: & there the N.S. on Friday — so my poem is only thrown a grasshopper under a leaf. No, I don't seriously fidget about it: because it's plain There are 2 kinds of criticism: one the Communist; the other the free mind. Had there been any one, I shd. have been damned. As it is I'm disarmed (as usual) & no one has yet seen the point — my

poems

Friday
19th March.

Something about a
masterpiece, how
seldom it is that
one has more to give
than any
living
novelist ...

Castlemartin
Yorkshire.

Now this is one of the strangest things in my experience—
'They' say almost universally that the Jew is a
musician. The Times says so. Every one I know says:
If somebody had told me I should write this,
even a week ago, let alone 6 months ago, I should have
given a jump like a startled hare. How entirely,
absolutely impossible it would have been!
The strange chain began yesterday: I was
walking in Covent Garden, found St Paul's for the
first time, heard the old chap ringing on the
chained bell in the anti-hall: then went to
Brunch: chez Duff: bought the Gu Standard &
found myself gloried and entered the Tube.
A calm quiet lady, young: & I'm so excited now
I don't mind the flutter with much money on.
Now I must begin again on 3 f.
Herman is now come. Nothing — not that I'm much upset
by that: as I don't seriously think the venture matters.
At the same moment, Mrs Strachan her brother out with
Yvonne (Nugent Flea). I heard him describing Flea
just now in the Ress. Have typed a letter at
3 f: but can't concentrate sufficiently: fly upon to
Easy Nights, because I'm pressed no doubt.
Yesterday afternoon we heard a strange story. The
Lees in Bina Gardens, called Bina from
Rubina, the buildin favourite daughter. He sat
at them in a 3 domed chair: can't stand up. His
room is an uncarpeted room: bleak & spare:
too tidy. Carruthers painted him a birthday:
the books all ranged in rows. 2 flat bowls on the
Victorian mahogany table: flowers separately

Monday
March 22nd.

arranging: a dish of carefully arranged fruit. The story was about the landlord: in person to make indecent letters to the girls at Roedean – addressed To the Head Girl – therefore opened by the headmistress. There he confronted in the kitchen with Mrs Baker? cooked Mrs Baker. He interviewed all the lodgers & stated the facts. He likes telling his pastoral experience, Mrs Baker says. Such a great strong soft red lip: frozen green eyes & Assyrian attitudes like a monkey on a stump. Said how Tom Jane wear his chemise that Anglo Catholics may not, owing to Church Law. ere contra celebret. Hence the indecent letter, Tonic Church. Now) must keep upstairs to ve of the men Jane. My heart is to the Caledonian market.

Mrs Baker did not vamoose. And I left my umbrella apparently in her. And my hair is tired – yes, dinner a Mrs. holiday really every though the expense of that last week. Now I've a holiday from seven till Wednesday (Lenten) then like Sunday, or Dymond does it. And at 3 Gs is held up – got then it pressing for speech. Can describe old Hat. Yesterday. L. looked at the telephone, thinking she was mad. Has been 'ill'. Mere voluntude mania) Mrs. calmed down – Jane in tea in bed Chair in basement. about Oh – Mary. Perhaps now Nyp working for a day.

March 25th.

Ex. 2 days lying down, & can't write today. Butler
dines here today. No reviews. Letters not done &
Ann takes Grant. A walk before tea. 2 to read
yesterday. Nina to tea. But I work not
well: am only waiting for my signature today.
B. Richmond asked me to Anne St. horrible.
Boat Race at 11.30. Then we go to music.
No letter about Jan, save one from Ly Simon:
Kot, Hayward, Mengy to ask us for a Jan.
Have one also her father read, a Mohun. And it-
very fun. Char. cons the dr Stafford last.

Saturday
27th March.

No, I am not going to abbreviate Jebb—that is confirmed by
thousand words. Too much screw needed, my brain
unstrung. Merely scribbling here: over a log fire,
on a cold but bright Easter morning; sudden
thoughts of sun, a scatter of snow on the hills early;
sudden storms, inky black, octopus spouting,
coming up; & the rooks fidgetting & pecking on the
elm trees. Oh for the beauty, as I always say
when I watch the terns after breakfast, too much
for one pair of eyes. Thoughts about a whole
population in happiness. & only they need work.
Curiously a combination, this garden, with the
Church.—the cross of the Church black against
Ashcham Hill. That is all the elements of the
English thought together, accidentally. Volcano
down on Monday, packed in the rush at it
London; Can spunny ask why the words: yesterday
at last perfect freedom from telephone, & reviews.—
no one rang up. I began Lord Cromer this
Amenta, & found it so rich, so knotted, so
alive, & muscular as the pale blue lichen I'm
used to. Must, alas, I made me work & write
fiction again. Meredith undervalued, I like his
effort to escape plain prose. And he has humour &
some insight—low—more than they allow him
now. Also Jebb. And so I'm quite jilted
out: but Can write more than this without
the old tightening, throbbing in the back of the
head—

NYPL

Sunday 28th March

Again I take my tiny little flutter, with the accursed Strain bells ringing — however, dulled as they are with five years more at Radnall I can't seriously dislike them — A June morning. A very fine a June morning. No reveries by demons: no that sword hangs suspended. I think he's Italian — I don't think that — rather some perplexity. Ch- ring up. Lunch go to tea. I shant. I shall lapse into dream. What luck & W. strike a good vein! Reading Othello was it one at Chesham — I remember sitting in the garden there. So sublime. Yesterday a report further N. York Times rang up: was told he cd. look at the outside 52 Pine Chas. At 4.30 as I was back the little huge black damsels drew up. Then a dapper little man in a tweed coat appeared in the garden. I reached the window — saw him standing there looking pure. L. ignored him. L. in the orchard with Percy. Then I guessed. He had a green note book & stood looking about pottering down. I ducked my head — he almost caught me. At last L. turned & spotted him. No Mr W. Didn't want that kind of publicity. I raged a bug walking over me then — didn't Crush him. The bug taking note. L. gravely led him back to her daughter & his nurse. And they'd had a nice run from London — bugs. To come & steal in & take note.

Monday 29th March.

The misery is passing off in its usual way — a drowsy blackness this morning. And there is nothing much to stir it. I read a great deal yesterday — Charles Kilborne, & The London Spy. A very cold night &c. This is hardly worth writing out. A man in an overcoat took notes in the field yesterday, & then came & banged on the door. I sat tight. L. was at Charleston. Julian, he says, very depressed. Today Ethel S. writes that she has read Melymbrosia but will not comment till she has re-read. I suppose dislikes it well — & will bash me in Wednesday. &c. My policy is to lie low & invite no visitors till the summer is over — a luxurious crouching like a fox on its nest. Meredith is an influential writer: how did he crumble him with St James' & kind of medical mixture? And my books are washing at Lewes. Dorothy Osmond has borrowed Jane Clarendon's history in 6 vols — rather a leap in the dark — ask for £1-5.

Monday 30th March.

No good playing Schubert if one thinks L. minds the noise. And I don't really want to either. Cold grey day. Reading rather better today over the fire. Yesterday I walked to the Bridge & back over the hangers. Then is a fallacy that words add thing — what is the charge of proportion. 1770 proportion. Then the down become majestic mountains a tortoise as large as an elephant: an oak a forest &c. Strong pleasing charge.

like a slow motion picture: a magnifying of things. Sunlight
very tense at present hour. Heat on the pavement
in. Then the clear bell like sentinel. Had no
scientific instrument: only his eyes. Question when
I how seem suddenly doubtful. 18th Cent.
practically middle ages. What rays up from
the hot pavement, under the London dusk,
I find it no longer unintelligible, but inexpli-
How can this be true of any mind? Yet I'm a
little ashamed. For one thing it makes it unnecessary to
argue. What a escape. After those hot days
has belly-shower - of Mrs Meadows Spontaneous and
argue. Today an East of seclusion. Possibly
London post this evening. Q to dine. L. P.
meeting. I am reading my book entirely till
we go back. But Thursday will be a bitter
ench - all the ways to Shorehead I back with this
talk thrown in: but when we, dying we must.
Just dying I mean. How strange to lie there calmly
Contemplating the distant but inevitable end - I
Sophie watching me.
happy when just composed myself - care for Sophie -
Yesterday I went, as the new, out of
her carefully annotated letters. The second there
with me in the Park at Five 30 years ago I suffer

TYPL

Wednesday 31st March

Thanks for dear, better today. Char a rattle - at least
Vin Cunning ugly in her lodge at the moment.
But I work not work like Monday. A hot June
morning like Jimmy roses under the sun, air
busy were hopping. twigs exploding. Thanks Caroline.
Nice that char a Colonial. Letter began last
night. Lord Oliver. "Many entry rents & uncertain &
taxable terrors both I read the year ...
that nasty devil. And the Norton hegemony —
Hugh, Lady Grace party. Today a thrifty
Cholgeley letter from Warrar - asks me not to
read his verses, yet - he's not proud. L
says 'little divine' that responsibly dotty. Who is
P. last night pleasant, praise the G. as poetry —
like to the L the wildest word he'd ever read.
A good meeting. Fenden, potter bought by
Mr Mallet bought Jane enchanted. But
Can't write as the above shows. Hand won't
hold pen.

Friday April 2nd

How I interest myself! Such set up & perky today with a mind brimming, because I was so damnably defeated, & smacked on the cheek by Edward Marsh in the Listener & by Scott James in the Life & Letters on Friday. They both gave me a most frightful: & he says the Jew is dead, disappointing: so in effect did S. James. All the light sank: my head went to the ground. Dead, disappointing— & I'm found out & that's all. My problem as book is what I thought it— a dank failure. No life in it. Much inferior to the little Duke & interim Dynasty of Mrs Compton Burnett. Now this pain woke me at 4 a.m. & I suffered accutely. All day down & Janet back I was under the cloud. But about 7 A letter: There was a good review, by 4 lines, in the Empire News. The heart of my heart: did that help? I don't think very much. But the delight of being exploded is quite real. One feels broad & sane: aerated: sound: combative: more than by praise. Of course I was pleased when L said some of your friends read the Listener. After my speech was calm, steady: & I felt once more immense. Set on my own feet, a fighter. No one has written to me— so I feel that battering ram over. I can make a fresh start. Felt only desired to come — she is to come: when perfect freedom.

A very interesting visit to Janet. Both of them as gay & keen & charming to look at as a month. Janet rounded & mellowed, with the beautiful — telephone: Keynes's: Maynard is reading the Jew.

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& is enthusiastic - which that does please me, all the same -
For one they stayed more fully to 3 pennies. Now I'm
making up my Boarders: all whose dates we tried to
change: but to continue with J. & E. a little
shatched grey horse, Judy via Jamestown. Sophie
with those lustrous eyes. as she had always loved her like
She is completely at her ease; veritable human.
spontaneous. Flitting around from room to room,
entertaining, but as naturally as a bird, no ego
Welby fear: but now flown about - a natural
facety & fun. At first Janet is apparently
dying: but they don't know how long she'll be
about. Such a hope, she said, to have got there when
just as we'd planned to have a nice old age
together. So many things we wanted to do. They had
meant to go to Holland, both at last.
Ian was then a pow: no stiffness about it. Quite
natural. So we had a tip & start with Janet —
then with E: E. says she can't believe in
death ending things - What's To Jean? So that —
so short - what shall I ask pethaps now?
Oh no we go on - I'm annoyed that - It did be
pointless therein - so senseless - all the time
balancing one elbow in a fleshy jumper on the
edge of the table; a tear running - Now Janet
don't believe that - she don't want to think - I do.
I'll just see if this ready to go - Yes, we're
always been poor. But then we made up our
minds - we must go to theatre, we must have
clothes - we'd have good food - in other
always said that was important & this
epoch - & then we had to lean on boys
That was so interesting - much you know

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& interesting people. Very few fits in one time had to work.
with Janet Jones. rather strained, owing to time
about the past: the present; her ballet, owing to
Heads both in some sort a life in common,
not a individual. One mystic survival.
Her Jones wanting it. No religion. Katherine
Aspects otherwise come: but) doubts of this
want rich. Quite happy, some discomfort. content in
with.
Whether would is the switch over from thinking merely
a bad writer (after Mair) to thinking merely
a great writer (after Maynard). Either about, bring
bad writer forces one to make fuller & freedom: but
not the same thing. Difference between one's back & the
wall & roaming with pinions high the domineering
- roaming with supreme dominion - how does one go? -
the most biased line in poetry.

Saturday 3rd

Now I have to break out on the 29th. It will go
like this. Can be a craft ground. am just-
pressed the truth & talk about words. when they
won't let themselves be made a craft of.
They talk the truth. they aren't used. That
Means that - be 2 languages: fiction & facts
words are inhuman. won't make money
need privacy - why Fathers contempt for
Mater to continue the race. A dead word.
The parents & the impossibility. There are only
impressions. not projections. I respect must live
Conversations words. Felicity buys a
about them. her have to car cars
make new words. Squash squat: Crash
Crash: But we can't use them in writing

Sunday 4th April.

Another serious discussion. Maynard thinks the Glass my best book: thinks one scene, E. a lovely, beats Tchekhov's Cherry Orchard – a fine afternoon though from the Centre, from a very fine mind, doesn't strike me as much a man's book: it sinks in slowly & deeply. It's not a vanity fair: the other is: the other will die as soon as the week number of the Century is passed. L. went to Tilton had a long quiet & cosy talk. Maynard not well: cramp in the muscle of the heart. His toes curl up. Lydia anxious. Given. Lena has said at last she had never been so well. Talk of what to do for Julian, who thinks Eng. can depend. Oh no paper this morning – what a serious thing against us. They are mildly puzzling all day – But ah ah. If Bernard does not he will only be mildly avuncular: depressing. Most likely he won't do me. Oh to be Quit of Ulcers! Reading Balzac with great pleasure. Novel reading power is coming back. Maynard said that he thought the Glass my most tender than any of my books: did not grapple him like the Waves: symbolism not a success: very beautiful, & no more said than was needed. Ludus yet finished it. But how compare the 2 others: it my most human book: & most inhuman! Oh to forget all this & write — as I must tomorrow.

Sunday 4th April.

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human book: a most inhuman! Oh to forget all
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Friday
April 4th

such happiness wherever she known ever to be linked for it surely blind" Yes, but my happiness isn't blind. That is the achievement, I was thinking between 3 & 4 this morning, aged 55 years. I lay awake so calm, so content, and I'd bathed all this whirling world into a deep blue quiet haze & then opened my eyes, beyond him: armed against all that can happen. I have never had this feeling before in all my life: but I have had it several times since last summer: when I reached it, in my worst depression, as I bathed out, throwing aside a cloak, bare-headed, looking at the stars, then night at Monks Horton. Of course it rattles, into day, but more so. There was yesterday when old Hugh came & said nothing about the stars. He has grown fatter, coarser. I did not feel him as special: a little vulgarised. When Ly Wolseley-Wood & Sherwood came. We chattered, about the Royal family: Hugh & I about the Coronation & his Daily Mail, which got £20 for £2, 000 words. Then he told me the true story of Frank Vosper, his bullet - wound - a sudden impulse - over the cliffs. Perhaps side: how he has grown; he was afraid of being a martyr. That is what I like Hugh for. But his stories will get a little battered. He has the Davidson, the parson in the barrel & Calling. Not much real interest in human nature in Hugh. Always something else when I look. Then the party went very quickly, & when it was over, I walked round the Square, the first summer evening walk, & admired our patriotic beds of red white & blue hyacinths. We go to Paris in May.

Wednesday
14/15
April

I must make myself correct Jebbon & send to day.
But after three months of correction, correction
almost makes me cry out in agony. To be sure
myself I'm taking 10 minutes rabid writing.
I've done, that is scribbled down, my B.B.C.
Essay – with some exhilaration. Old Ethel came to
tea, & left her Thomas in my flesh. Said I was the
youngest woman, by way of hinting that L & J.
had kept her away at Rodmell on a pet project.
But I did not want to tell her so: No: I'm
much in privacy in fact. How strange! If one can be
flat, if one's not active in the head. Not a
letter this morning: only 10 or 11 perhaps about the
year since it came out. Nobody talks to me
about it. nobody how wrote about it. Waves
to have sailed out of sight. And I have some
foolish thrashing from making a fuss who
would talk, & not take it." Yet it sells –
beat all my novels. H.B. in America has
sold 12 and before publication – Lord my record.
Honestly I do not know what to think of this
book: is it good or bad! However I am
flogged – to work not that, but cut back as
much as I can to 3 pence. Fresh as June
dawn in my head again. Another run ahead of me.
And tongue keeping Mark Stephen Hende.
Julian dem. K.M. in an agitated voice on the
phone asks if they won't write to L.S. & it
money? They propose to increase my fee &
also offer more than – What and to say
then? The truth?

Thursday
April 15th

And Stephen says The Jew in the last magazine book, & Kingsley also — but that dont please me. Stephen does. Not so much as I showed - yet how I can cut up my accounts about the Jew: add substance & cut up & lay no more. A long close political argument - Julian K M. Stephen — all calling each other by Xtian names. What is our duty? What is the irresponsible man like K M to do? Can he be a pacifist: the irresponsible can. I sat there splitting off my own person from them, testing what they said. Can man regard anyone integrity & justice. K.M. very neurotic, dark eyed, melodramatic. A much travelled two Gently agitated superficial men — all both feeling — edgy queerness — not rooted. Julian peppery & pithy — making his strange face, suddenly hostile with laughter. Uncouth rather, yet honest. Yet understand, yet keeping something up his sleeve. Obstinately set on some to point — won't argue. tight: hard lipped. has amazing phrases & turning for sarcasm & the quarrel "Harvey Pollitt cuts up rough" when asked to arrange Lord's & Stephen's armours — not unnaturally, as K M said: being in control of the CP in this war. being ravaged by deaths: festered about by relations. The CP with only a cadre there who are devoted to the cause. K.M. Even much in the military area: to me Dicard hand grenades, bombs, tanks, anti

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we were military facts in the war again. And
fell flame upon me 3 ff. wh. had been submerged
by Jebbon & BBC — that I should never see, but
can't screw this morning, splash that chatter.
Stephen runs on two fluent two pounders: but we may
give me a touch of pleasure. May the fates
sever him the sense of time: & we prease — but
he work won't show it on the Left Review
to what the young are my dede. For Against: Vita:
Elizabeth Wellington. Hugh Walpole: For: Maynard
Hargrave, Keat, Nessa, Stephen: I referred to the
speakers not to the waiter, whom to differentiate would
take a whole morning. The complete absence of
fan mail is curious. But America is now
just beginning. And did I say that the Lord —
Oh I think I did: I am rambling. Reading
Balzac: reading G. Bennett memoir: &
now shall that my Jebbon. Shall I begin another article?
We like to finish. Shall I begin another article?
Vol. like to finish.
Vol. Letter?

Wednesday
April 21st

What a mercy to turn the page & encounter!
after squeezing drop by drop into my 17 minutes
by BBC. wh. is alternately 25 & then 15 minutes
Came the BBC. also the N.S. They
Come pestering, & interest glowering at both.
I made up an article a Jebbon stanza.
Why? Partly because of pressure, exhaustion,
from Leonard. However, on the whole both
was a good week-end. Very cold wind. went
to tea at Charleston: & there found
Clive the whole family for once. Unfortunately

Julian is dog obtimate about Dewey an ambulance; which casts a shadow over Nena, dear two. There he'll be keeping us all on the tenterhooks – But it won't be for 2 months. & what the are we looking ahead? On ~~the~~ Monday we drove, round Landon, cleverly, thro' the hilly dead old villages, to Ickenham: where Lally was almost surgically mated; the after marriage taking over 20 minutes. L. & the Stallens. Mr Lloyd attended: I presently, & Charles later. The car & showed Nelly to the children. then home to find Vita waiting – tomato red with are blue yellow eye: unconcern, easy, a lazy cat. casual – we argued about Ethel. As the approached the bean – might have been written by some body else – no weird beauty – in fact I to say horrible must have tea. So that argument was scotched. The went off to Curtis Brown: then to her first night of the Edwardians at Richmond; then Julian Came with my glass fish: & then at last unpacked the car, left over the fire. summer time began on Sunday: & I lost up a me my clock still an hour late. then later arrived over time: today Vita'll become [illegible] all the talk & lend to the Leitner. Never again. get a home there. a certain thrill about waiting to read about – I expect a vicious one. And it could have been a Good article. It's the talk element that affects it. And in the pouring rain we went to Nenar; saw the 2 on their pass in his embalmed car, & then brought home a Julian. Chinese pots.

Yes. What'll he mia – to Petworth & down with Derek, in some Flash town, away from all this! I regret to begin Dress; fun Murray; Ivor Cant. be bothered – Opera last night: Rigoni, Merly, Jhan Taylor: not an Inn and to hear a Jaded arty opera, Ariane. B.B.C. rehearsal at 3: then Memoir Club. Tales Vastheming: Coronation impending. But on the 7th we're off – B.B.C. have asked L. to do a whole Evening – Never again such I read even one Talk.

Thursday April. 29th

L. is talking about Work – "She ought not to be here at all ..." I have just done my B.B.C. Never again never again: "Somebody hasn't checked it properly" Well, we've decided to let the Th. P. Take a change next June. Yes Derek, owing to Miss Lang's incompetency. What is now definite. Many things have happened – a Crowd after the Engagement – the pheasant: indeed a happy one, the Memoir Club meeting. we dined in a Kind of Cellar room behind the Etoile – I won Kindled. Hugh Was a wet night: W. had a cold; Barry the whooping Cough; Morgan dined with Forrest Reid. Best Dennis was babbling as a negress – Have I known him in such jubilant Good temper as this year. Ce the naked only to enjoy to reclaim – And my Member Granby was

filled instantly became Maynard and my fellow was
20 times better than anyone else; & praised the
Gean – a lovely boat: & D. said he is going to
write a long essay on me altogether. (but he wont)
And then Molly & I went; & Maynard
suggested that D. should give the L.S. lecture on
L.S.: & we had a nice nice & savoury meat;
& so round to the Nudes – D. read a good
account of his adventure at Florence, when he
misrepresented Maynard. And then old Vernon
'obliged'. That is he had a few notes in his hand,
took a comfortable chair, & gave a witty
perfect case & fluency & form a Character of &
bowled Blunt & his own shooting. & so to
the Trevelyans – how Sir G. O. came hopping
& limping like a great gorilla across the
wood in the middle & to say all his bones
are as near pointy as anything can stand.
Oh but it was beautifully done – & stopped
when it might have gone on without boring us.
Then Maynard read his condemned introduction
to the Laurium Villas, which Benny is now to do.
And then we went off in the rain – Vernon
said he is not a day older, & we enjoy our
society as much as we ever did. And Maynard
said I felt so fond of Lytton. I almost
wept – What he said that – Anyhow, it was
a great success: & at no nonsense about it

& the shoot

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Yesterday oh how happy they snubbed me, by announcing, as she came into the room, that the reviewer Miss G. had been so shitty She was afraid it must have influenced the sales. Then was said exactly as Dora Jayes says things. But I held hold gingerly, & got some thanks out of the Dane & Rachel Cave. That the last both splendid handy praise yet had: & said the G's had helped him more than a book he had read: & was professionally human, moving, & a tramp. & R. Chimes in with perspicacious admiration. And I kindled, thought at least R.B.L. tongue: have just left the supper party, which yet theyre no doubt tolerably, & rested my brain a Lotta Last night. & slept, & am refreshed.

Friday
April 30th

So we have reached the last day of this agitating month - far better than I could have foreseen. Doesn't the Let up this morning finish its Centenary article by a reference to that great artist & the Year, & head it with the same immortal name! Why do they do out of this way to be polite. I wonder! It weren't for Julian & Joseph Spain I should be wholly content & on our French journey.

The R.B.L. was moderately successful: that is I got my pick-me-up & read with Ease & Emotion: was then checked by the drawn fact that my Emotion did not kindle George Barnes, who

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long & weary & reminds me of Adrian in his weary days
(A. is no longer so weary – he had tea the other day & I
found him sympathetic) But the bright
bubble, the fly in the eye, & all the other attacks –
premonitory stirrings, I suppose, that RPL.
gently subsided & marched & walked home
through the cold streets alone, & thought that very
few people had listened: the world much as
usual. So that was the relief that was to be
very Ordeal & Bane, & would have agreed to do
another had he asked me. Remember, however, to
refrain from that folly.

The Coronation:

A very cold grey day; the Burmese threaten to strike
to night; streets laced about; Camp[bell]'s lateness in
all the parks, like the Crimea; pole with
silver hatchet along the pavements. The Queen
Lord David that she went all ice at the
thought of it: said the monarchy had it the same
position as in the days of Victoria. They went to
Grand party – Harolds – at B.P: & agreed that the
food was bad, the wine delicious. King Hope's
hair curls: Queen Cs is growing fat: Jewels
were worn. The Band played the Merry
window in a back room. There are miles of
Corridors he walked. Many guests came in
taxes. They had Lord S's car. All the
fiddles are tuning up. Benes told me the
RPL is having 150 microphones, observers
along the route. What fights lurkin in
from some French Cafe'. Seats are still

to be had: my hairdresser's assistant bought one for 15/- in the New Zealand Stand. Hugh Walpole is to be knighted. We are giving a youthful party - Ysenden, Chelsea, Julian, Romer on Monday; Cat Lloyd & the Bob Cecils lunch, Clare on Friday — that is one week, in which I must settle the question of clothes. In the past month, a lady whose written Gibbon: Gibbons Aunts; & the B.B.C. (when making) hope about £60: but oh such hard work. Gibbon remains to be lobbed out — the last turn of the screw. When I come back I shall instantly borrow a 3 guineas & see what I can do. Allington sneers at me on the B.B.C. — too clever for myself who am only a simple person" — West watches — were not invented in 1880 — So the Years have their vanity, as I say when I mean in 3 guineas) must expect considerable hostility. yet I do adore, when my tongue that it thereupon takes some time to be felt. This meandering must cease: I must face the weekend drive down, so calm, happy, now it all over. L.'s Doctor says the Eczema is much better: a clergyman affecting gentlemen oddly enough: a man, Dr Rau, intelligent enough to play with theories he can't answer. Stuart & Jane for some inscrutable reason to put in our new water closet: Norris's, mechanisms inspected; wish whatever can fetch that last blue inch? — Sales of the G. about 10,250; Cambridge Journal £30. Mrs. Pritchard thought me very original, amusing last night. Stephen Spender thanks he G. my last book: political in the next one: Nessa's show early next week. Shall I buy one? Am rather hungry at the moment. Saw Walsh stop

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Sunday
May 5th

The day mother died in 1895 - that 37/5 42
42
years ago: & I remember it — at the moment
watching Dr Selon walk away up Hyde Park fast
in the early morning with his head bowed, his
hands behind his back. Also the days previous
we had been sent up to the day nursery after the
Dod; & were crying. And I went to the then
window & looked out. It must have been very
soon after the Dod, as Selon was then leaving
the house. How that early morning lectures has
stayed with me! What happened immediately
afterwards I can't remember.
I'm faded after our youthful party - they stayed
till 12.45. The Bar strike on, so that they
couldn't get home - had to walk. The streets
look odd, all asplatter with lanterns - &
white in Bond Street, red at Selfridges; & no
omnibuses; a lower level in the streets; all
lights & innumerable private cars; & drovers
herds. Trudging the pavement. I went to
Murrays, must new shop in Grosvenor Street:
should never have said it had not known
them in their shabby days: a lovely 18th Century
library turned into a mart room with long
trestle tables. Some big tree in the garden
well outside. Women - meddlesome fat ones
that paraded like circus horses for my very
shy & incompetent observation. I left the
three clothes again ordered on a dress -
was troubled to get a coat too. But
can't get fuel nor gas: tho' they say

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the Jam up in the printing in America: only a
advt: thought. I H.B. not so scrupulous as we are.
then had to fond my way along Oxford Street,
but the leg & shoulder so pressing a bobbery I
took to the hackney: finally the Tube: was
shoved in at one door, pressed out behind a stout kind
man who said "Barge ahead me" — why "barge?"
to what social strata does that word belong?
Public school. Think (other way no letter
about my BBC Eight private ones)
the family thought- faded as I am I went up to the
party. Sally: Julian: bob legs: the Mundens:
Chelsea: William. To me more crowded — no
food: a hot spring night. Julian was bitter at
Dunn against the Beg habit of education. He
had been taught no job: only a vague literary
muttering. But I wanted you to go to the Bar. I
said. Yes, but you didn't insist upon it to my
mother. he remarked, rather forcibly. He now
just barely at 29 without any special training.
But then he objected, as I thought, to all
professions. An argument in favour of my
½ profession. Sally agreed. Downham in
round legs: controlled: small: & the Greek home
type: a letter fixed & rigid; they) daresay: in a red
dressing gown dress: very silent: presumably
immensely fat: as just taken off the Brighton
boat: Jubilee: much Hugh Jorrip & banter;
H: is becoming a Knight. Yes: I know he'll
laugh. I was in favour the Autobiography
Julian against it: Then Chelsea sat all

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inhibited & nerve drawn. We had to give him claret - let him & make party talk about carpentering & bulbs. He wd like to have the Air Ministry & become a carpenter — make good chairs — but of course won't a chance though daily urges. Another subject the profoundest question: Air Ministry long hours, hard work: but regular & respectable now all in favour of a settled job: even the Treasury. He is learning the mechanics of Cambridge — only the eternal Pope — ish? Had it even been taught that at Scrambled through as a child. Poor old Julian — rather on a crazy edge of life Uel. And then there was some well informed political talk & which they contributed, dispassionately, sensibly I daresay there's something to her; but why they chose to connect themselves for ever — the Stephen — God knows. Seemed to me completely separate: he critical, polite, unintimate with her. Every moment felt we do seem now remembered like stones in a bad building — & that why I shall be so relieved on Friday — no number of stones for almost 3 weeks — And then — Julia more must this be true of L: who, with every moment plotted how to endure the actual presence of Mrs. Jones, who stumped round on foot just now employed by Dr. Jones. Reminds me of Mrs Cartwright & the General Hicks, arriving on a rusty bicycle- dismount is going to do L.S. on his 26th May- That I do? in my new dress? Nothing from the TLS about Abbs: but Dadie wants that G. Trev. approved. Odd how recognition eddies about. Now to write to Susie

Bacchan.

Monday or Tuesday May 25-41

These are the rough and rapid chornicl s of our last French voyage which to fill this distracted morning I will try to copy here.

For example: the first vines are to be seen at La Chemille; that is on Sunday the 8th May 1937, driving from Dieppe on a faily fine morning. Also the road ahead looked like a white steeple. Then at Uzerche where we stayed we saw a woman sewing a white cloth on the banks of the river She called the cows which obeyed. The river had a fresh lip. The flowers were like an Elizav tahn meadow. A man choopped wood in the wood above. I could hear the gmmkmmmx hollow sounds. No other sound. And a boy showed us the way, openi ng the door of a great barn. Also that day we punctured and the man at the garage, talking about Mitz who was always ou- intorductio to humanity, said how hed been in FGambia, and longed to be there not in this dead alive French vil age; where his wifes pranets made him live.

Grey rising through up.

So to Souillac. There it became two hundre years ago. There we sat on the banks o the Dordogn i the eveninf and saw the man in the great hat and gaiters, and women washing clothes on the shingl . There was a cabin built against the rock like a scene in a play; and a man sitting tere while the women went in and out. All this I said happned two hundred years ago. The cstle was Cromwell oad; bu- had a chapel and soft brown roofed barns. Roofs here like high felt hats pulled donw with a dent in the middle. Chapel reminded me of times of Rousseua. Man went fishing. Peasants employed p haps by t great houele Sudden violent storm--as usual. Climate here (house) temeperamental.

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French tour. 2

The perfect day. May — I forget what. Hot. To the caves. The ~~bornigh~~ brownish red tracings of prehistoric animals half rubbed out by children who ued to play here, until someone from Paris came and looked for these pictures. All this country very classical with its poplars in straight decorous groves; and the hills beyond. Then I had a bad time in an antiquity shop--vey nasty people the old furniture sellers everywhere. Liars and spiders catching tourists. Had to buy a five shilling platr to be quit and not popular at that. The cupboards only cost 3 pounds but couldnt be sent. Man did bad drawings of Paris life--youthful memories, studpid and imitative. The vanity of an artist and the avarice of a peasant. But I saw their bedroom which interested me. WC opening out of it. Then it became very hot . A town crier went round Soulliac beating a drum announcing a play by Moti. Both were upset from eating truffle perhaps. Great day at Meyronne, where I wish to live--up in the castle . An old woman shredding salsify. Talked about wild boars--sometimes killed; quite tame; they eat them. Chruch full of flowers for the Penetcote. The farm with the great piegon house; all these old things etnot preserved but used and allowed to fallinto decay.

Sunday was the fête. People in bright clothes. Villages full of black men, standing about. The lady like the princecesse Lointaine going into the ruins. Farm carts in the clositer. A little girl who lived in the clositer and caught snails for Mitz. On 17th May was thinking about action; how far directed or dictated by publicity motives. therefore largely impure. while we took in petrol at Villefranches. on road to

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3., Journey in France

Albi. Cold cloudy day, Left Souillac in a state of wild distraction. Madame like Sibyl C. at a party, doing accojts answering questions about cheecse, about bills; &x. Umbrellas open on the place people dining out there. Ver y bad dinner owing to crowd the night of the feast. At last the diners were so many we got up and left. Bank holiday in France. Then to Najac-- sordidly medieval; bossed; with great beams; and muffled grinning heads; round a mediaeval fountain. No place for human beings to live in--the middle ages. Houses perched on top of clig ff. River flattened out beneath. An unreal dead crawling qiuet, as if they were inhabiting an old shell. The old men gossiping wiht their pointed waliing sticks. No life; no shops; dirt and misery. Albi on a very wet bank hol day. A flashy hotel; circle of blue and red elctric light in the hall which went in an out ad dinner. The worst hotel yet found. Walked in the rain. Cathedral magibificent-- like factory i red. firm, fluted, rock-like, painted within. And so on. Rain all night. Room thick with dust. Walls stained-- bugs possible. Off to Rodez now in a notrthern hill country. Houses changing.

Still the helmets.

At Rodez the best hotel in the world Spirits sprung up. A long walk after tea. Sat and looked at the mountains. over the very green flat nightingale valley. No Coronation movies. Reading Elle et Lui. a very good best seller. Cant stop rading. They say May is always stormy. Oh a very fine rust red cathedral at Rodez. In a valley---I suppose, stopping for petrol The Dordogne running through a meadaow; vey steep green brushed hills; mob headed trees. Cold and gry

NYPL

4 v French journey.

Reading Beckford by Chapman--byt why wrote about this cold egotist? this nugatory man? A chirp of birds and grass hopper. Aurrilac first class hotel. dinner of Charach harsoter; fried egges ham and rice. Choc.cream with buscuits floating. Aubergines with chopped bacon and gravy. also stuffed with cheese dressing. Am forgetting English words like artichcoke. rather a dirty sky. Now on to Toulle.

Cold, cold, and wet; slept in the village of Treysac--but how doyu spell it? nWent wlking to the top of the mountain to find the druid stones; all drenched green under trees; cucko calling; a little shepherds farm; rain coming down in full flood; as we went up following arrows, paths twisting; fdivine views alll misted and shrouded; green lit. had to stop wet to skin, plod back; change dine for 2/; but left hungry, so to bed; no chairs; claen little place, should be seen again so lovel was it even then; still raining--no now we are driving to Gueret and now I am thinking about 4 dimesnional character; different aspects to be given-- not the one personal intensity. But what on earth do I mean? Not I hope to excuse my own limita ions; see desmond in Sunday Times; who as usual depresses me beyond reason. Conversation at Vallensay about Talleyrand. D of Valensay. No hes not very good. not very bad. Has no children, divorced--his wife was an maerican. Mlle Worth — some such name. Come ehere. Keeps birds. zeabrs for his pleasure. has a hotel at Paris. But you should see his zebars. Gt nephew of the great Talleyand. very rich. Lost spectacles at Beaugency--the perfect town o the Loire. Saintnon fifty miles from paris, old claws of

NYPL

on the Loire. Maintenon fifty iles from patis. Old claws of ruin against the bright evening sky after dinner. Birds singing; many nightingales. very fine and pure. Allsilent and unpsoilt. But this has rapidly changed. 50 miles an hour C'est un oustiti--un petit singe. Est qu'il est dangeruse? The same talk weve had at every twon. shows thepoverty of th human race. Blazing hot taking in petrol. Lunch rouen in a sq. off the cathedral. No salt. the enligh say. I give the salt. Now petrol running out. Hot sun. but this brighton road empty. flat. un inhabited. Boudanville 8k. Le harvre 73k. Mitz here gave her last representation as I hope. Last petril taken. Anxious about Maynard to the extent of dreading post or buying a paper. Old wounds twinging. Atill a very good end to jounrey. No bad newd of Maynard at Dieppe; a good hotel the Rhine; man who taked fluently and intelligently afte dinner about South Africa; mines; diamonds-- ho different from rubies; about fish; about soles and the Frehcn taking fis from Grimsby; about vcooking; his wife used to cook; now lives at residential hotel; a biologist; round; chubby spry; very objectiv and interets about facts; would like to talk to innumerabe people in hotel about their jobs. Night boat; calm sea; arrive a newhaven; the cusoms find cigars in the other car; pass us; we breakfasted at the bridge Inn; on eggs and bacon; so to MH. all very private and quiet; and glad of chairs and intimacy and the garden lush with grass and fruit trees not standing nthe comprison at all badly, Sally jumped at L. deserted Percy. Now to London for two days and another week here.

Monday
June 1st

I have at last got going with Jessica – after
5 days fresh, re-copying, & some extent re-writing;
my poor old brain hums again – Largely
that because I had a good long walk
yesterday & so wanted the drowse – never veg
hot – altogether I mean me this page as a
running ground – for I cant screw all the
3 hours: I must make a race how the
last hour. That the worst of writing – it
wants. What can I do with the last hour
grey morning? Want again – But oh how
my heart leaps up to think that never again
shall I be harnessed to a long book. No.
Always short ones in future. The
long book still won't be altogether drowned –
it recrudescent grumbs. Did I say –
no London days were too tight, too hot,
& distracted for this book – that H. Brace
wrote & said they were happy to find that
The Years is the best selling novel in America.
This was confirmed by my Mac at the head
of the list in the Herald Tribune. They have
sold 25,000 – my record, Easily (now
I am dreaming of 3 years) We think of how
make money & buying perhaps an annuity.
The great desirable is not to have to
earn money by writing. I am doubtful if I

Monday 14th Jan.
The Years still
is top of the list.

Monday. 12th July
The Years is
still top this
list. It has
been weekly.

Aug: 23rd:
Years now 2nd or
3rd. Selection
Tuesday, Oct 22nd. It was
last on the
list.

Shall ever write another novel – Certainly not as the under
Great Compulsion such as the Year inspired in me.
Were I another person, I would say to myself, Please
write criticism: properly: invent a new form for both:
also write some completely unformal fiction: Short:
& poetry. Fate has here a hand in it, for when
I've done 3 Gs – ah. I hope to have written, not yet
for publication this, in August. I intend to
put the script aside, & write Roger. What I think
best wd. be to give work hard at 3 G for a
month – June: then begin reading, & reading my
Roger notes. By the way. Shan been
sharply absurd in Scrutiny, who L. says, calls
me a Cheat in The Waves & The Years; most
intelligently (& legally) praised by F. Faulkner in
America – & that all. (I mean that's all
need think write about Woolf now: I intend
the clever young man is going to enjoy drowning
me – so be it: but in private Sally Graves-
Stephen Spender appear: do, to them as, I don't
know, that is honest, where I stand; but instead
to think us more & yet. Selfson was rejected by
the N. Republic, so I shall read no more to
America. Nor will I write articles at all
Except for the Lit Sup: for whom I am
Same now to do Congreve.)
What been August hot. Nessa came over & we
had a long natural gossip. Maynard has been very
ill but is better. Must rent for 6 months.
Durlan in France – We stay here for one week
Perfect solitude. Then a London season, very
little I guess. I should make a note of

Desmond Jones bursting into my the other evening. He
Came, was waiting, the evening was over — last
Wednesday I think: read me his L.S. lecture, a rather
laboured, but honest but perfunctory lecture: after
which he sat sitting in the twilight with the
door open, & coming in & out, discussed his
Progress: he says he thinks it made him uncreative:
Could he have lived his intimate personal life
freed, enriched him. But he was shy: afraid of
Jerking us our opinion. Not outrage shy of
Course, but heart shy. Reference to his sickness.
He then asked if I thought he had still power to
write a good book. What could he do
with his wretched stump of life? I said write
Your private thoughts, not autobiography. And
tell us your private life. He said oh yes,
I'll come & talk to you. And I'll write it for
I felt something uneasy, trying to open out: Egotistical,
weak I daresay. I must see why he has been
so silent, so friendly, so embarrassingly
anxious to be on some warmer footing, this
last few months. Is his genius need to
write a good book somehow to avert himself
before the stump of life is thrown on the fire.
But how far am I wise in thinking that he
can? Let there a total rottenness, Nathaniel,
now gone too far? But how can one
judge? Mate my note — not altogether
flattering. & leaving it unshaded — the picture
of Ld. now in my mind — my affection, my
sentimentality, but all the same genuine
affection for him. He especially Maurice Baring

NYPL

or – some titled lady I think – a 'friend'. Said his most intimate friend was G. Moore: but was they with him: could not ask him that; to the head found marriage disappointing – W. is decided that he has. — Mrs M. a woman who will drag in Education.

Lady Simon, too, another visitor those crowded days, will drag in Education. She sent me a report, private, of the meeting at Newnham to discuss the great question if forces should be worn. This is connected with the question, is it time to ask the L[abour] to admit us? And the reply, next time, when we are asked to lecture. Please print your report: her view being that the question should be frankly, rashly posed – by me, in default of Jessie Somerville. Well, perhaps. Will bring all 3 Gs. But can I. Down here – now cold – I scribble & traverse miles of argument and walk high Newham stone to Pedmore. Mr Swayne wears brown holland coats. Oh to hear Jessie & Virginia & Jan ~~Volcanoed~~ the air thickened into arrows in the sun mattled & whitened. Mary H. asks me to dine to meet the dull Cooper. Courage bids me say Yes. But my hair? & my dress?

Friday 11th Jan.

Brain rather died up after 6 days Brencom London.
Sunday dinner to Mont Dale Cooper: Wednesday Chas Doyle.
Thursday Nina & Dilemmakers: Friday Hartours Bones.
Wm running in a cab, having got into the
University Chapel & Dilletantism. Very keyhole.
very nervy. The hotel dancing: bores everywhere; a
hop & tiggy. Stud on hops. Julian gone to Spain on
Monday: & on Tuesday, news that Vegan was
wounded & a man with him killed. So, a Shaw:
what I cannot now dwell: atonement last — how
long? A year! who knows! Confession to Kay
talking, mentioning, detracting:

Wednesday 16th Jan.

Asquith began last night: a good one I say. Sydney Low
made one of the best young man speeches. But I had
not heard much prompt yet. And it lasted till one:
& the morning is given to Ingress. Just
finishing the Education section: much re-arranged.
Then I shall have a few days shelter. Ment Conference
perhaps. Helen dined with me: & the night before
I dined with the Cameron, heard Tony's version of
Mary: looks like a Shat, ora Jerboa: prominent
Vanbrugh blue eye, hands held like a Jerboa.
a pale pretty Shelley metaphor. American girl there,
who sat on the floor, at my feet, & unfortunately
adored: I wonder if I gave me primroses one day in
the months & her poems. Not a type poor chest.
I now get much Rich. Yes. London is hectic.
But I mean to reserve the next few days

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for moodiness. Can't always be active hop without
shaking my brains dry. No news of Julian;
Can't go to Mtt this week end because Dolly may
accouche. We have laid down a mattress &
clothes drying screens to protect her.
I've seen: the Hutchinsons: Diana beautiful, veiled, sang Sorj
Dasmond there. Then Shad Myth. work her
Group & Class scratching. Putting out 3 Gp.
Then to the Coronation Film, bits & bits: some
Good; some not. Then to Herberts on Sunday:
Oh the cyclamen & that perfectly selfpatisfied
panne dot black broken bits: the Bryandotte,
the Orchard, the picture - the coloured
Photograph - the mats, the maids,
Peda Zolt & motherly look a Cat's for a child:
Unreal, padded, sang.. & we walked at-
Staines. Then Adrian ate dinner, in a Visit
of friendship. Then the Brown, Borrows; Betts:
Then Helen.... Now lunch.

Sunday
20th June.

Can odd thought strikes me, now that I think so
much of Conduct &c. (for 38) why does one
secretly desire the misfortunes of one's friends?
This a cold grey day, & secretly I'm pleased that
the Bells are at Charleston, & we in London: I
mean I'm glad that they should have a
bad week end. Yet this kind of gladness is
not so pleasant as the other. But explo-
ring meanings in my Conpeve, I dont
take this page in order to contemn.

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Shaw turned every electric fan — now the sun's out.
Lottie is upstairs, & Mabel comes in to say, 'Shall she
buy sausages?' I'm rather cross, since I had hoped
to have one unravished day. Can't get on with
my 4 Conjure plays. Last evening Ann
Watkins forced her way in: offered me — I
could name the bait put on the hook — £1000
& all expenses paid. 3 to USA. 2 lectures
3 times weekly for 3 months. What about
I asked. That they didn't mind. The more
personal the better: for instance, about my
experience as publisher, bringing in my marriage —
a happy one. At this, your husband, who is
sitting in the audience will cry Boo!
Which we declined. I was to repeat the same
lecture — not to read it but to speak it. That was
very important. And Aldous, Gerald Heard,
those absorbed & the inner life & peace &
goodness, are touring the States doing this in-
duct. Lord Lud! what an example for the
Jour.. & what a good quote for my book.
I was amused & then perfectly frank commercialism.
Money — money — money. Couldn't help likening —
so fat, so coarse, like a bathing woman still
towelled & blowsy from the sea.
"He had a chequered career" she said. And
Lord in how she had lectured to "nice young women ...
when I was just an arab virgin" she said
no. I don't think she'll ever be able to tell my
stories for me — what they want
Don Bran wants is that I should come over

& Ethel my person, & make money for Dan & Ann.
And what would they think the proceeds of my
personality on? Drunk I should say, looking at
Ann's cheeks. What Dan would presumably
buy his daughter a new dress. And I dont want
a thousand myself, & passion by hearing a
Gramophone for ever brays in my head. The men
honestly disappointed: I dont fancy my Congreve.
And must now write & thank Margaret Kepler
for a nice fleshy old world letter about the Jews.
I must add, we are waiting for Sally to give birth: so haven't gone
away: but is she even pregnant? Lavis again & again. He has
made her a bed behind screens in his study. But the hope is faint.

Wednesday
June 22nd

But it shameful to write here first thing, not to tackle
Congreve? But my brain gets dallying to Mrs
Sartor, to Murray, to Ann gone out after dinner,
so that I don't read & love for Love. And I won't
do 3 pp. like Monday—like time had a fleet
breathe. Then the Prof. Chapple: then the Jenal—
so now to draw the blood off that brain to another
part—according to H. Nicolson's prescription,
which is the right one. Yes. like to write
Dream story about the top of a mountain:
New city? About lying in the snow; about
snip of colour: silence & the solitude
I can't though. But shan't, me & them dogs,
indulge myself in some short release into
short novel? Shant now for ever. No more

NYPL

long friends: only sudden intensities. Will Co. think out another adventure. Ably enough I see it now ahead of me — in Charing X road yesterday — as to do with books: some new combination. Brighton? A round room on the pier — & people shopping. marry each other — a story Angelica told in the summer. But how does this make up with Action? I'm trying to get the 4 dimensions of the mind... life in connection with books from literature — A day's walk — a mind's adventure: something like that. And its useless to repeat my old Experiments: they must be new to be experiments.

Ann is a great sea monster. Her hair is bound with a fillet bought at Woolworth. She is fantastic, sea kelp. what) mean in this like the figure head of the Aurora Jane. The Richard (injured?) asks us to supper on Monday. This pleases us, who are now scared & tried by invitations of every sort. The girls are pretty ruthless though. Fierce & egotistical, always reckless. Ann said the Red. has taken a First: wants politics took a third. I gave her 5/. but she didn't thank it cost me much — certainly hadn't read the Jews. Sarton had: disappointed: but a 'quaint book' then leave. leaves her cup of tea. Her cup! love walks — Waters. this fine drawing, red. he poodle, more jerky though in letter than in speech. He has a shrewd American vein: the son a theatre for 3 years in N. York; but it

failed to the took to poetry, & the Zoo: Matie
Lewis, for the summer, in Julian Huxley's
lodgings at Whipsnade, writing a novel for Kot. —
We had to promise to dine there. Ann
Watkins is now hot on the scent of magazine
articles, & wants another talk. But here my
Gorge rises — & I will not write for the
larger paying magazines: in fact, Couldn't.
In this way I put 3 guineas daily into practice.
For Doris Akerman's Bernard coming. I shall
tactfully cross-examine her about Cry-lit at Cambridge.
Ann thinks Pernel Strachey conservative. Miss
Cristal wants a chapel. Mrs C. won't let
them have gramophones. But they are allowed
out at night. We're a poor college. She said
casually. Therefore can't join clubs. But
I doubt if she sees the force of my argument.
She is absorbed in politics — Communism —
Richard. Accordingly to her the scheme is to
accept L. P. policy, & gradual revision:
Educn. wages: Wealth: but to be ready to
enforce it by force. Force may produce
win where can't be won by vote by force.
We understand Fr. Revn. I denied it.
It's the slow decadence in habits, not in
Childbirth that appeals to them. The spectacular:
But I shall investigate
the time-lyst further on Monday.

NYPL

Wednesday
June 23rd

It all working after nearly Love for Love – a masterpiece. I never knew how good it was. And what Exhilaration there is in reading them aloud. Their Import had Light! Yes, always keep the Classics at hand to prevent flop. I can't write out my feelings, though: must recant it somewhere in an article. But rather Ben Nelson to read how Rosemary's reviews, and Rhoda with a view to this Evening. How could L.S. – W.B. deny C. feeling, pace – more in that one play than in all Thackeray: & the unlikely often honesty. But no! —

I went Nothing, wholehearted hearty & helpful Yesterday. A grey roasting hot, & I was in black – such Extraordinary choice. Change this Summer – Shall I Caught in a Storm. Froze, or roasted. And reached 52, a long trail of Junctions, like a Caravan in a Desert – came through the Square: Mainard Flying from Belfast, where her father, Mother. Some how brought tears to my eyes. Yes' no one seemed surprised. Children trudging along: women in London cheap Jackets with Jam hand kerchiefs on their heads, young men, & all carrying rather cheap Cases, & bright blue enamel kettles, very large. Charing – a shuffling trudging problem. Flying Lancaster, filled Suffolk with Jet from some impelled by machine gun in Spanish fields to Jacks thigh Waterloo Sept. above Jade Green Men where! – Clapham – enamel kettle. A strange spectacle – They went on, knowing the way: Nothing some one directed them. The war Challenge – the often abrupted – like people at the Tech. A region where we can't write like Conpere Suffolk

Thursday June 24th

I bought my 4 amber tubes, as Meyer called, on Wednesday 23rd June. I want to see how long they last uncracked.

a letter from Ott. praising my h S. Sebton article. Now I have observed that any of my friends who disliked the Lean always praise my articles, by way of urging me to give up fiction. I suppose to make amends to me for not liking the Lean. She has been very ill; almost thought she wd have "waved us a dieu" but is recovering at Tunbridge Wells. Rhys read Emma to her. She read W James to herself.

Last night was a hard & fruitless send: that is, I cant see why Dixon Hall have dropped Rosey a weighted chat with a serendipe tax like Mr Bartholomew into our midst; nor was there much humour in bringing the Finn – a Slavish honest girl, who spoke very little English. Could'nt understand a third of what we said. Dixon kindly maintained almost complete silence. benevolent, but deliberately indulgent; lazy. Why? I asked again & again. I should have had even harder work if Ann & Richard Le G. hadn't come in: Karen & Adrian on top, rather unharmoniously. To we tumbled & tossed. Poor little R.B. to do, lemon coloured – an old maid or a peevish wife already to my eye. Jenny to teach Eng. Lit. to Children in the provinces. We talked out at teacher by Ann. Ann very spontaneous, ardent, rough, at the same time sensitive – a very attractive combination, with the beauty of a Shakespeare head – a little blown about, battered. Richard rather silent, but amiable enough. Rebecca West asked us to dine that night – I don't know what we have done to be asked that Dixon was so insistent for a little Dixon.

BYPL

Friday 25th Jan.

To the Albert Hall meeting last night. The last I mean. Inaudible. Mesopheme to those behind merely vociferates Utter words. a Lilta family group. Nena Duncan Morgan. Oh but I liked being introduced to Auden, who wanted Stephen to bring him up. A small rough haired terrier man: flats for eyes a Cuba face: intensely I expect, but were haired, yellowish white. Charles Merlyn &c. Then speeches. Then semi formal money collecting: then an Auction of pictures. One by Picasso: one by Klapp. Oh very Ugly empty & unreal. Morgan with his arm in a sling: looked tragic when awakened, as I suppose, listening to the Barque Children singing on the Gramophone. Robeson very: a sympathetic, malleable, negro, expressive, unembittered, all warmth & the hot vapours of African forests. I took several shots, benedictions: thus:— Bunny cold, Morgan indifferent. Auden warm, Sally friendly: Kingsley Martin uneasy — a man I don't like — so voluble, hectoring, she drove us home, taking my hand all the while to articulate — a different style I drawing from Leonard. I'm hungry. Can analyse. Oh to write. No pupils. A finer day. Olaf Stapledon has sent me his new book: it flatters me, as 3 paterings do in Manchuria: the 4th says it had. But am I more fiercely disposed because he says he admires me! Oh for the perfect soul reviewer: Low can we pretend to it? Reading my Congress: forgot about in 3 days as well. Then back to 3 G. repeated.

Monday
June 28th

Home & the hunter, home from the hill, & the wolves are back from Monks Horm. And much refreshed into the bargain. Three solitary nights spent apart! Was there ever such a miracle! Not a voice, not a telephone-bell, the owl calling; perhaps a clap of thunder. The house going down to the Brooks. At Bottom calling with the milk in the morning. A hot sulphurous week-end, and a cloud of dust over Lewes. The 2nd grass cut. Hay in black marks on the hill. Some, in the meadows, still up to my knees, & about to cover me as I lay in the river bank yesterday. We got my hat trying to move a chair — for L. this time: but it stuck: down & butted like rams: L. hauled like a horse. Then it stuck half way up the stairs & was only moved, down again, by Percy in his best Sunday brown coat. (By the way he talks glowingly). Up at 7.30 this morning. Picked a rose, & drove up Heath Wimbledon, & Wandsworth Bridge is mending. Wimbledon ate lush, portions; a crowd at a Portland Road, but back by 10.30. & at work at the second Guinea by 11. This now thanked, has my difficult chapter. but was heartened by reading some of the first: fairest as 3 chapters suddenly: certain drowsy pen hand, might have stood by Degas. But there a terrible lot of reasoning (tense) & setting up the right perspectives: Roger wants love letters for Altounyan. Mary Fisher — Wolfy is dead: sees it on Friday placard — & the dozen for the Nation.

Mr Brook undoubtedly done me a great service? Cheered up that bright letter had I thereof at Richard's last night. It was to find a menage to conference) Int. Libertarian at Madrid. The war going with Auden & Stephen & Mr Townsend Warner. But he rang up just now & asked for High Walpole number 2 said that the whole thing is probably forbidden by the F.O. owing to various incompetencies It was a hard practical not combatten but hematin Jemmie every. roll down Pr. front worn with no blend: a chicken he, Ann had cooked; Asparagus fried by mistake - but he a very attentive guise melted hot. And wine se. And a cat - flowers. whole wales - no colour. All tidy, barn. Ann in pink handsome truculent. Can easily some sensibilities, Nuppence, ga femenine & kind. An odd vessel for passionate love - I mean for tender considerate love. But there she I suppose mature perhaps sometimes sharp. But much more Morgan with the bright hair. Morgan untaking his coat off - another night - unearthed a wood hamel. Has he suddenly gone a fat man? Rather silent. hopping pecker, skimming away as usual talk of the A.H. meeting, Madrid mostly. Morgan rose to £5 on the wings? Miss Brown. Rather glad she's step. But a good evening in its hard adolescent way. And Richard maybe not a desirable son in law, as Adrian says. I wonder: I can't wonder must think. I'm just thank q 2nd Jessica year this top. Even higher. The printing. But now. what does that mean? That I can buy a bath chair?

Mr Wardy wouldn't do me a great service? Cheered up that bright little bird I observed at Richard's last night. It was to send a message to the conference of Lt. Libertarians at Madrid. He was going with Auden & Stephen & Mr Townsend Warner. But he rang up just now & asked for High Walpole's number & said that the whole thing is probably forbidden by the F.O. owing to various incompetences. It was a hard youthful nut to crack but he was genuine every inch a bright Pr. front worn with no blemish: a chicken he, Ann had cooked; asparagus picked by mistake – but he a very attentive guest & ate most. And wine &c. And a cut-flower. Whole wake – no colour. All tidy, bare. Ann in pink handsome truculent. Can't say some sensibilities, Nuppence, go feminine & kind. An odd vessel for passionate love – I mean for tender continental love. But there it happens sometimes sharp. But much more mature I came, & down from his room came Morgan with the bright hair. Morgan attaining last all – another night – unveiled a round bald. Has he suddenly grown a fat man? Rather silent. Hopping pecker. Skimming away as usual talk of the A.H. meeting, Madrid mostly. Morgan are to be 25 on the wing & Miss Brown. Rather glad she's dropped. But a good evening in its hard adolescent way. And Richard maybe not a desirable son in law, as Adrian says. I wonder: but can't wonder much. Must finish my first sheet & 2nd Jessica now. Year still top. Even higher. The printing. But what does that mean? That I can buy a book case?

NYPL

Sunday 11th July

a gap: not in life, but in comment. I have been in
Jule stood every morning with 3 qp: whether I shall
finish by August becomes doubtful. But I am in
middle of my magic bubble. Had time I wd.
like to describe the curious plane of the world – the
pale disillusioned world – that I get to voluntarily
now & then, when the wall thins – when I'm tired
& so on. Margaret Ll. Davies writes that Janet is
dying. – with I went on her for the Times – a curious
thought, rather: as if it mattered who wrote, or not.
But this flooded me with the idea of Janet
yesterday. I think writing, my writing, is a species of
medicine-ing. I become the person.
Saxons Club dinner: old Sir Wm & Beerbohm.
And the Keps. Ethel Butts. Sexton – so many fags
I don't see the Burys. Mrs Thd. have liked to
meet Malone, Pemel & Hewlett. But the clock
thinks No.

To stop myself from thinking about 3 qp. I will chatter
here. A cold July: a grey twilight. Clive writes
Nena in the Studies last night. We are very
sensibly in our remarks about Julian, Madrid,
politics: but he begins to discern politics
always I feel the immeasurable despair just on the other
side the plan plot or ish. we walk – a ish.
I'm walking into such energy, delight at the
moment. The reaction from last Summer
of months gloom & despair suppose.

Monday
12th July

TYPL

I went to Hoke Newington yesterday & found a
Study table in white stone on wh. James Stephen wrote
Carved. large inkstand, & I suppose he wrote large &
plain. A long inscription about Wilberforce
& wife & family neatly filled with green moss
on top of the Study table. Next door to the old
Church, which might be in a hollow under the Downs,
is Arnold Park, & one of those white pillared
houses in which Grandpapa studied the Times
While the cut rose - now & melt & Aunt
Park mother & Cakes & tea: the meek - unpleasant
& the rose - & democracy. Arnold Park
runs to Greyhound, to Lake Hyde Park. There is a
Stag, & some say a Kangaroo. I was much
refreshed by all this

Monday July 19th

Just back from Mtt. but I Can't want to wait
anything - two bothered & bothered. Alas, I renewed
my head together - two together knocking to other -
Could not make it take the folds with: two
letters about my Aunt for the Times. And
Still & mannered. She died. Three notes from
Sophie this morning. She died a Thursday, that the
Eyes, "looks so beautiful". Today they are
Cremating her, & She had had printed a little
funeral service - with the death day, left blank.
No words: an adagio from Beethoven. -
a list about gentlemen - facts, wh. I
would have included, had I known. But what
does my writing matter! There is something
fitting & complete about the memory of the
Thin Countess naked. Dear old Lord Lorne seems

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Sumpter work have her solitary moments to herself - To
the world always he a scatter brain; yet to me very
touching. & I remember that phrase in her letter,
how she ran into Janet room at midnight,
& they had a nice little time together. She was
always running in. Janet was the head part
contemplative one, anchored in some private
faith - which didn't correspond with the world.
But she was oddly inarticulate. no happy
at the word. her letters are not the last hope
& the beloved Virginia' always cool & casual.
And how I loved her, at Clyde Pk. Gate: & how
I went hot & cold for to wend with Herb: -
how just a visionary part she played in my
life. till the visionary became a part of the
fiction room, not of the real life.

An agent Sunday: I might see the Forest lying
green in the m. Janet dead. But I thought -
not much. too hot, & harassed with getting
Pleven. And I was badly beaten at bowls.
She sketches a flat mean - new green & cool, &
the new window shows a square of flowers -
why, all this year. Never thought to layout £2
on a new cash book, paint window. I don't know.
Last year autumn I was carefully drawing my power
lamp home in. And now Ethel
Elizabeth Bowen thinks the Jean - oh, ah!
wanted to be. And Olaf Stapledon also. -
Zoo. I'm now coming for me and
flow round plane - a long article by Delattre
pleased me - my despatch Strayer book -
When Van Dieren rd Ethel, who
hedges - a vista who never hedges, but takes
great rush leaps over all cattle in.
I am scribbling to avoid a my long eve.

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to avoid deciding whether to finish that off this last
10 days, or storm the last section of 3 p. Can't
make up my mind. On Friday we went to
Worthing. Mrs W. very plaintive. Would even
like to try Dr Alexander — have I noted — us)
leave out all the unpleasant last — that is
trembling, less — can dash it off steady — a
man, at 56, cured a disease that has, I guess,
moulded his life wrongly for since he was 5 —
all his rhymes, his inspirations from society, his
sharpness, a defensiveness, might have been
smoothed. I mean by this something morbid
unphysical, but possibly constricting underneath
also. Mrs W. however was plaintive, a
Celia solid, like a large fat mare, a Harold
the forest of the wolves, said. No my regret to
have often so. Like a good fellow he does his
share in the ordinary chatter. But here
now begins a fam, modest to become a
venerable & protected member of society, even
hated venter. Then a meeting at Mtt.
where the Mayor who talks to me, & holds
forth on hand, treated us to the most
drivelling murmured mudole ever heard — about
foreigners, Ulysses, which is heredity, & may say
with your permission. what I mean is, it takes a
question of thinking out it, 50 per cent take to a
Spaniard, but 50 cent to a Mahommedan, &
wants what's to, Ulysses, & the truth is,
& am has to take order, or see it not be,
(Mrs says so, it a question of credits —
but I can't reproduce the whole thank Mayor. & Co.
only keep from howling by dyeing eyes on
Aperitif. & summed up in a masterly
Ulysses — That's what I mean: & we concluded
for I were dumb.

NYPL

6th Friday Aug.

Monkstown, Rowsell.

work but one must make a beginning. It is odd that I can hardly bring myself, even strongly, verbally – the Expression mania which is in born in me – to say anything about Julian Dean – I mean about that last two days in London. But one must let the current again. That was a complete break: almost blank: like a blow on the head: a throwing up. Something to do that night: & then all the other times, & ever since. When Ryan died I noticed: & blamed myself: & that was a great relief. That Here there was no relief. An incredible suffering – to watch it – an accident, someone bleeding. Then I thought the death of a child in Childbirth again; & then more listening. No no, I will not go back to those days. The only thing was a kind of comfort in being there with Steven Duncan. Queer "Angelica." & losing completely the isolation. The spectator's attitude in being wanted; & spontaneous. Then we came down here last Thursday; & the pressure being removed, one lived: but without much of a future. That one & the relief [illegible] this death – how it brings close the immense vacancy, & one must take refuge in insanity.

Combat. Now? This is what I intend to protect. That I must not feel an inch or

NYPL

a fortnight ago made to nothingness, we long as something remains! Work slow. I played a Monday with Congreve, & have about done him this morning. And undoubtedly that sets the wheels running. Directly I am not working, or see the end in sight, then nothingness begins. I have to go over Lincoln every other day to Charleston. We sit in the Medici door. It is very hot, hatefully. A hot bank holiday— a child killed at the top: aeroplane. Drowsy: the thoughts of Julian changing so gently, now so casually: now distant, now close: now of them there, in the flat: now some physical incident— Kissing him irrepressibly: soon. And then I had come up when Tom rejected his tragedy. So I felt then I had not been merely thankful, merely jealous. But how it curtails the future: how it reduces our vision to our own life— gain for G. & Angelica. A curiously physical sense; as if one had been living in another body, which is removed, & all that living is ended. As usual, the remedy is to take other lives, Ruffian: & the old friction of the brain, but now I must sum up, & try to get my accounts, that is my plans for working, in being again. Work. Three & pence to finish: the last chapter. How Ruffian is still cold. But I will try that tomorrow: then Congreve: then £200, so they say, work in Young: & so to Piper this autumn.

Will another novel ever grow up? How, how?

NYPL

The only hint I have towards this next to be
Dialogue: a poetry: a prose: all quite distinct.
No more long, closely written books. But I have no
method: a task work: a start mind of the methods
never formulate: tho' I regret me these days I
shall get that old rapture. I dont want to
write more fiction. I want to explore a new
Criticism: one that I think proved: I shall never
write to 'please' to convert; now am entirely to
Even my own masters.

Rodker is nibbling at the Pers. At the
first nibble, Augustus, we both tried wistfully,
that I might use that and by reducing the Pers
to ourselves, a keeping it for two, reduced.
Rodker is a communist. Augustus hand me-
Pers is respect at once. Today we go to
Charleston: Clive is in France with Janie:
has been in London: Nena is alone today.
A very hot day - I add, to sneak from the
thought of her.

"I shall be cheerful, but I shall never be happy again"
"I thought when Roger died that I was unhappy —"

wednesday
Aug. 11th.

I have had an hour over, so may as well
spend it here. Vita I always write about
writing: I'm rather ashamed. But let us
blame it to the effect the grind of the day has
numbed. Now we are in the mood of
the time - I think I can recapture that. We
don't talk so freely of Julian. We want to
make things do on. Angelica - G. come over to

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play bowls. We heat up talk. It's unreal. We provide amusement. L. & S: This makes us rather quarrelsome when we're alone – the strain? suppose. The unbecoming shape of sorrow. And we are never alone. Graham & Jehudy: We & Ada & Sunday: the children: & Monday) went by steam to Charlotte – Then I left L. alone: have I the regret to leave L. alone. Let work serve! The was again in the submerged mood. She atmosphere of deep grey water: & I floating like an dilapidated fish on top. Very hard work. Then & came to sleep & yesterday was an odious touche day L. silent: home gloomy: wakey up: heat: heavy weigh. burst up heat. A. late: tea: Drive back: Great thunderstorm. Dine A. & L. Nessa better. But now began the winter chess: to bothering this summer. See the Mawson comedy? Then Judith & Adrian. I hate these decisions, L. L. is silent: So I write here, not about Then, of not about my writing, which is the only shame the day taken. Seriously I'm offered £200 for 1,500 words on the Coronation. Shall I, shan't I! Why make money? Another car, I suppose: another table: some new record – or dress. Fanchan tune: Nessa's children: my curry & them. Leaden to work. But no use in thinking – I mean = analysis. What have a long walk this afternoon. & Piddinghoe: walk empty serene: play bowls read: & not think of other arrangements; I bought a 6d Jeans on the Upperwoman Universe: I'm reading

George Sand terribly: a long novel that I shall read carefully for the Rev: and read Corpse to complete my study, but have had no time — only got back from Charleston late. Have Auden. Shelburne in America in Ireland from the Times; also some French George Sand memoirs. To have browse along. And a huge box of Rogers articles. Endless invitations — sympathy about Julian who stalks beside me, in many different shapes.

Monday
Aug. 17th

Not much to day. Its true, the only life this summer is in the brain. I get excited working. 3 hours pass like 10 minutes. Then moments I had a moment of the old rapture — that ever! — over a cologne. The duchess Jeweller. for Chambrun Mg. I had to send a Synopsis. I expect he'll regret the Synopsis. But there was the old excitement. Even in that little Extravagant flash — more than a cocktail. Then I At Charleston yesterday in the rain. Take the train Lewes: Shop: to 4.35 bus: reach Charleston for tea. Its true that I cannot write about them: have to Keep myself from thinking about her. Happily — when I write the word — I get that electric shock — Cables asking me to write. Chatrian offer £500 for a good story. And I start to begin working up adventure — today I adventure — a man rowing with black knitted stockings on his arms. Do I ever write, even here, for my own eye? What for whose eye? An interesting question. rather. I'm musing on the nature of Students Expect to something books with Egotism.

uncanonical. He want to work straight from the heart:
to discard literature: Epstein & maybe his way of
mentioning hands. (what I mean) dont really know.
perhaps that seems to him that being honest,
simple, naked, & taking off literary clothes.
A letter from Tom: uneasily Sybelle also. Gods
unfriendly this? Eddy Playfair & the Masons
unfriend. The weather has broken. A great rain
storm last night. Bridge up as we drove back: a
thick coming up. The women were running about in
Great coats with sticks like conspirators in the 17th
Century. We talked at Charleston about America.
Nessa made A. read aloud a description of a Mexican
in Bettesworth book. She has read this with intense
power. She has a considerable & detached imagination
This may help. Then A. G. But now
then she looks an old woman. She reminds me of
father taking Thoby's arm: & the ache of to
help her. How can the Ever right hardly thought!
Julian had some queer power over her. The
lover as well as the son. He & told her he
could never love another woman as he loved her.
He was like her: yet had a vigour, a toughness,
& then as a child, how much she cared for him.
I mean, he needed comfort & sympathy more
than the others. was less adapted to get on
in the world - had a kind of clumsiness. I
Cambridge & Cambridge awkwardness, together with his natural
purity. And that all lost for the sake of
10 minutes in an ambulance. I often argue
with him as my walks: about his selfishness in not
but mostly feel flooded by the complete
medieval & warm. Cant share the heroic raptures
of the Medical Aid, who are holding a
meeting next week to commemorate
the 150 who were killed
& gave their lives" as they call

I think I mean
Lack of
Judgment:
Obstinate
& emotional.
Eddy Playfair
agreed.
Love did. how
respected him.
more of the head
stayed in Ireland
& faced Dudley.

NYPL

In London yesterday, & wrote here because I cannot force myself on with Congreve. I must put it a fashion. Or am I a lecture? Not a pastime I intend to ask: since clearly one must act. In London yesterday, I began a letter to Mrs Hart & Archie Cochran about Sahara. Rather a physical duty than mental; about his wounds: & yet I felt them bodily. Not they were: or that he was cut now when they got him to hospital. & anyone to explain that the road was dangerous: then anyone to set on with the operation. He became unconscious, talked in French about the military things apparently. Drew 4 hours later. Why do I put this down? It belongs to what is unreal now. What is left that is real? Angelica in a yellow handkerchief picking daffodils on the flower shew: that Edgar took a gun: that Charlotte wrote days: Nessa seemed better: that is could laugh & seem interested. But the reality is very shallow this morning. We had Eddie Playfair then we had & the Mauron. Helen for lunch & tea. Jane dried up with talk, with combatting my 2 £20 efforts: one a Ch: one a Strong: the Jewells: now married Congreve. Very hard work in its way, packing & pressing. Jane was long for the Thaa & correspondingly Victorian. Our telegram came last week. The Crudets Eddy forbid it. We have seen Juliette mince this wretched morning: & a plaster cast of the moon. Fog driven home from Charleston last night. My robber caught at South Heighton. Much forced talk with Hart & Cochran.

Sunday 29th

Cochran a nice simple but rather tense (naturally) practical
Yiddish young man: pro-Shi almost visibly kindly.
Hasta Jew: neurotic, rather strong mind, intellectual,
with the professional superior manner. A conflict of
sympathy, tragedy, perpetual nausea, a social
pretentious. Queer rather. A very fine day. Now can
I tackle Congreve?

Yes I am tackling Congreve because I want to be putting
all available energy to 3 so on the 1st

How far would this energy of the mind carry me —
could I take this narcotic necessarily of Shaw
Jew. Shena Jew? Come out here at 10 —
don't wake to anything — but Congreve till on.
Sore with my head dragging like a captive
balloon. The magic flower: no relevance —
recently when I wake. No effort of happiness —
repeat myself — Considerable effort of gaiety —
Charles. Mrs Curtis, William Plomer, Jane,
Q & A: over Saturday Mrs C. reminds me of
Jean Thomas. Something spurious — Thoreau etc.
Thoreau is a hypocrite — maiden lives: had £200:
borrowed, ran Laughing Stone: lodges
10 people on top of Fire Down: is adventurous,
dark Jack of Jo & Hap dark: but somehow
not convincing as a character. Too much
trick & too conscious pleasure when I'm
working in a hurry. A very hot August again.
Bowls have become a passion. I face up a
walk to play. Quiet then I'm anxious to
vary the day. How independent Val
very of Isadora: & what to do next. Simply

NYPL

trust to life? Uncle Roger said he trusted life on the
whole. I mean, no not a dear miserable
great mass art some autumn pleasures
days. We saw the Ring & Datura last night. like a
Cardboard collar. The man is still at large.
Mr Curtis prelude that she is elemental: Uncle
Charles & Aunt a meal out for him, a tube train
Cosmopolitanly, why does any thing
mildew Everything, William was portentously
Aunt, red, & healthy. He lives at Brighton for his
Oxford he says. & finds Capes MSS. distract him
from novel writing. But not last, as the
Chatterers so incessant had no pause &
silent listening when him. And now there is
letter to add, & cant that the British Ambassador in
Japan has been shot: Japan has fallen; there is
war between China & Japan: Clive is at
Grenoble, & a 2 days I've had no letters
nor yet heard of my Jeweller is commissioned

2nd Sept.

here this odd my up & studio & private I left the
smashed my Conqueror, the end too crowded, but
forced myself to take it to the post just as a
Jane drew up to tea. And lodge a lunatic
letter writing; reading, how tragedy – to hear his
voice so clear from the other side of the globe – Japan
at war. I hear his short surgical laugh now –
Then: something like Clive: Uncle a history. But
as usual, the whirl & thing. & things half started –
sweeping on, like a staircase that one never passes the
platform – bewilder me. Why could he never
force himself to think to the bottom of his idea?
But I'm stopping in the middle; work here I –
make myself take breath. 5 part 12.

NYPL

Rc Sept.

Sunday
27th Sept.

I attend the - the Theatre 3 Gs: then Julian Cay: to
waited 5 minutes & all I had to say was that the
Duchess the Jewelle is a ferin common: therefore there
made £200 by these 2 Novels, & we bought 2
fountain pens & Wand & forgot it in the wet. Now time up
for 3 Gs: which has kept me completely submerged
from 10 to one. Every penny: a dozen new like a
motor in the head over the down to Rottingdean
Le. Eng afternoon from 2 to 4 then we play
bowls from 5 to 6. Then read. Then work
drum. Then wrote. Then read. Then dressed.
Then bed. And so it began again. But
there have been so many interruptions. The
Treasury day is the Egyptian. We went to
Lunch - unasked: with Sue C. & G: Vita
with that silent person, Harold, a very Roman
Englishman, unspoken, now that Queen is
not there, for me was broken. Many
improvements: men digging: an Elizabethan drain
being dug up. Lady S's. money now repaid: Vita
with enough to have the house, which is to
museum like perhaps. The old amber stood with
light: Persian pots: how many he remains
& then Vita shows that she inherit the passion getting
her mother, but stabilised: dignified by the old
Renaissance set rather dull Dashwoods. I'm
drawing upon Pelester for this Elizabethan sketch.
Not a happy name. Thats this all the material
for happiness: nothing behind. What had
not died - not an incredible realness to writ-
ers happiness might have been profound. "Orlando" -
Lee & me, now that Jean has sold
Letters 40 & 50, and in America: now that we are

Uvated financially & perhaps to theft the Rev & take a
new house, & privately as happy & wounded off as can be-
but his death that staording - Extinction - drama of
Inbetana. I do not let myself think. Shatter this
fact. I cannot see much of the meaning. Shattering
mind & ashy but weak & bored. Now there
Von - Judith, & Mrs I have solved the week end
problem. I made this magnanimous & even enjoyable
habit, as it should be - having friends in the house.
Von in some way - with his sensitive, shrinking, timid but
idiosyncratic nature - is very like myself.
The morning, as Bentley's play is played, he is
uneasy, as I did he, in expansive, as I should,
Intensely curious. Yet need them, as I do, fearfully.
Von is Inverse bothered; but Irvine
is under the attraction Judith feels, & lowers as
able but not sophisticated, as I daresay, highly
aesthetic, youth. He is a chopper: a trapper:
get work. The usual complexities I think,
submerged. I should however want a pack of
Letter: to Vita (who sent me hers most
to me so profanely touching, this sent recently
Via Vita that I have helped: her most
I have the can say) & to Chantou. my
Enclosure: & to the Tatler. & Mrs,
with the autumn letter begin. & publicity
puts its rather heavier, not altogether
unacceptable burden on me. More letters
Than usual & praise & demands therefore.

NYPL

Tuesday
Oct. 12th

London.

Yes we are back at Tavistock Square: & I've never written a word since Sept. 27th. That shows how every morning was crammed to the margin with 3 journeaux. This is the first morning I write. It became at 12 ten minutes ago & I write what I think is the last page at 3 Gs. Oh how violently I have been talking these many days! It has proved a wonderful antagonist. What any proof I've taken, like a physical volcano. And my brain feels cool & quiet after the eruption. I've had it raging now since - week I was thinking Yet at Delphi I remember. And then I forced myself to instruments before first. No, the fiction came first. The year. And here I held myself back, all through the terrible depression & unrest, save for some frantic nots, to tap it until the years - that awful burden - was off me. What I have deserved this fatty. And taken time & thought too. But whether it's good or bad how can I tell. I must now add the bibliography & notes. And have a week's respite. This may be preceded by Mr. Davis & Harpers Bazaar coming to tea today to discuss a story rejected & that maroon coloured theatre, & me respect him. Mr. Chambers - whom I have not described - the agent who cabled about the Duchess - the jeweller. offered £200, & I think we somehow wriggle out.

So nothing was said here of the last weeks at Monkstown. The weather was very fine. That objective statement seems a little odd.

NYPL

Near Avenue to Paris. Last night she came here, for the
first time: we have the materials for happiness, but no
happiness. All this summer I find myself saying
that verse, Lowell's, about "Where coming like
we listen for: the verse about the nephew killed in the
war- when Moby died I used to walk about London
days to myself stevensons verses: You alone
have crossed the melancholy stream. Both dogged I
suppose: yet they say themselves spontaneously. Verle-
Moby though I felt we were the same age. with Julian
Sir the old woman, saying that she won't see the young
Again. This an unnatural death, sir. Want
make it fit in anywhere. Perhaps because he was
killed, violently. I can do nothing with the
Experience fit. It seems still suspense: the waiting
Nena bleeding: how we watch: nothing to be done.
But what add a Want notes, a character.
Of course I have found myself to drive ahead with the
book. But the future without Julian is
Cut off. lopped: denounced.
We have decided, gradually, completely, not to tell
the Rens: but to let it die off, saving for our own
books. This is a good conclusion I think. It
keeps the right to adventure; cuts off some
money. We do not face writing for publishers.
Then I carry out my own theories anyhow. And
we get back right to experiment & freedom.

Gone like
mad. melted
Madness
undergoing
Dream.

TYPL

Wednesday 13th Oct.

George Davis came & commenced a story I think - about
when Philip Hart - the D who was with Julian
when he died. The fact now came to be: Julian
was brought in with a very bad wound - looked deadly
white. He asked H. what chance had ? Hart
told him 50 per cent recovery - A lie. He had only
the chance of a miracle. He was very brave.
After the operation. H. saw him comfortably in bed.
went back & home to bed. Found him dozing but
conscious. And so he remained till he died that night.
Hart said Julian & the other man lay under the
Ambulance. They might. & could have taken cover in a
trench. But it is impossible to take precautions
always. Julian was hit by a side splash from a
shell: the other man not touched. Even if
he were killed at once. The mind responds
wounded in only an immediate way. He
said nothing about pain. was anxious to return
with the operation.

This does not tally altogether with the
other accounts: P. H. - The other thought he was
alone, - was. But now there is no more
to be discovered. Hart was tormented by
some sense of guilt. That they had not
kept J. from the front. They would have
done so late. The war his first
experience. They are now much more
dangerous. The Ambulance is almost a
dangerous as the Army. And so he went
He said that the worst fighting is about to
come. A long talk. Like Tindall to look
at. a nice, sensitive man. as
an officer. If we allowed
ourselves we had. ran through
glove.

& then I go upstairs & find L. curled with the L. party which sent a deputation to the F.O. was decked by Mrs Vanbrugh. To me Hart let amn through: we shake not on the fence: & the fighting work go on — But I am not a politician: obviously. Can only retranslate politics very slowly into my own tongue.

Monday Oct 14th

It came over me suddenly last night, as I was reading The Shooting Party, — the story that I'm to send to America, H. B. that I saw the form of a new novel. It to be just the statement of the theme: then the restatement: & so on: repeating the same story: deeper each time: until the central idea is stated.

Then might also find a key to my book of Criticism. But how I dont know.

Jaded in the brain, tryst declare.

What happened was this: when I reached the J.P. I thought, now that the woman has called. at J. Square who tells the story again: as tape; I work it on to meet, say. Chesterbel. with sepatiate whom my own idea is tells the story: & I find some other person at the J.P. whose life I work till: — but all the scenes must be Controlled, & radiate to a centre. Which this is a possible idea: wd. admit of close & short limits: cd. be a Concentrated small book: cd. contain many varieds & mood. And possibly criticism.

NYPL

I must keep the idea at the back of my mind for a day or
two, while I do Roger &c.
The thought me just as the Pendens came to Annie.
I was depressed. Why do I want Stephen now that
Juliana dead! — the incredible words! Just
before they came I found the lines in Lovely
Begbow paken: It had to be the young do
Just, all brimming Juliet of Stratford ...
whose coming steps, there's some that want,
no, not belong leave it expectancy (something
like that) Then Stephen comes in: not Juliana.
Last time they dined, I was to meet Juliana.
Lovely, one must not think of them. Juliana we have
read. But my dear — and he said heartbreakingly
(what his word for her tones) it's
clear that mine got to do as I comfort Nessa."
Make what he will say at this moment. Oh
Lord!
Well: I must go to Maples about chair covers:
to Highgate to see Roger home; a dream today,
because I must unscrew my head somehow
freshen up & am to work, to live, to do
things the next day. With Jeff, not like old
sea weed. Stephen talked mostly about a
new magazine: another: to run 6 numbers: L. to
write holidays in each: as the encyclop. & the
H.P. to publish. But he wont. The H.P. wont.
Doit juggled out. Then there was a good deal
of politics: Ivey a peeress, horse headed woman,
at last emerged. Talked Spanish both.
Vita can afford Indeed. She had been
Oct. Lunch. Not much gossip. A fog.

Friday
Oct 22nd

I am taking my train. No I decide to go to Paris: This is a note to make. Waking at 3 I decided I would spend the week end at Paris: Got so far as looking up trains, cancelling Nina about hotel. Then I said he wd. rather not. Then I was overcome with happiness. Then we walked round the square long making 25 yards can't bear to be separate. Then I walked round the Lake in Regents Park. Then ... you'll see an enormous pheasant, being wanted: a wife. And our marriage to complete.

To return fact (tho' the 'petition' is radiant still under my skin): walked to the Regents highgate bus-place: suddenly I developed the idea of making the young Bracnies take the Pen as a Cooperative company (John: Sherwood: Cuda: Stephen) All are bursting with discontent & idea. We want a focus: a manager: a mouthpiece: a common voice. Wd. like L. to manage it. Couldn't we set, a creep out? That's the idea — get these the wool, translated into this, in the whole apparent body? Stephen, John was heard in the Pen: consulted: interested; fights thy money; £6,000: work, lunch with L. & discuss. And now I will come telephone the on Monday. To what fate a struggling Off now, not to Paris, but to the Grove with the Cupid, Tea with M H. Q. & the L. meeting: a fair exchange for Paris, where, too, Wld have met, mixed with Nick, Barbara, Ivon, & the Eardals. Nick. the boat with a view of 2nd hand Bloomsbury. came to tea, & Considerably exacerbated me. He is having lectures on ways of improving his intercourse with Judeth.

Duncan gave me a green brooch.

A fine day.

NYPL

Monday
25th
Oct.

a terrific gale the week end. We went to
Cuckmere, via Lealand. The sea over the front: great
spray fountains bursting & spraying over the parade
& the lighthouse. Rejoined the car. Then we
walked down to the sea at Cuckmere:
the wind came up like shots out of a Catapult. We
cd. not stand against the wind. The beach pelted
us with pebbles: we sheltered behind a shed. I watched
the waves: a yellow weak hyacinthine sky:
a great curled volume rose and spread. Why
clouds are like the frantic the sea mastered!
And the breaks streaked with white & blue
lines; where the wind smitten raised a
long streak of drops. Also the drops were
like the spurt made by a stone falling—
shaped something like punched up slant. The
light over the marsh dull blue & fatuous.
Got to Charleston, wet & soaking. Saw
Q & Kath & Jay & Mercy & Sandhoffen,
& we brought matters. Toasted them, had
tea; & a fire felt in Roman Gap autops &
Barrington long. Also the branch felt in
the Channel over the vegetables.
A meeting on Friday: Mr. Hemlock, Lyons &c.
The new garden ready, rex for the hedges
not to be embedded. The view is now
clear through the naked garden to the down.
Talking Drawbell building: also building
at Knotts Barker—my Nestramus stone.

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Monday
Nov. 1st

A damp depressed morning. Do why not write here? Poaring: vainly hunting the impurence given to Morgan by Day Lewis in the Book Weekly News. Why not V. W.? Ge. That the mean little woman that such rubbish when I wake & talk tired Ephi yesterday. We went to Phelps for lunch. We had dined at the Hotel – the Lyttelton birthday party. Do not the clothes shut to on Abrahamson Rabelaisian. Mostly the daughter in law munching like cows in a field. And Ron in brown, with a freckle of ribbon, set poised on an arm chair like a much battered moth. The moth that has been attracted onto the green dumper garden by the light of the wireless. And we played chess. Then yesterday we went to Phelps; a soft warm Latin summer morning: stopped at Mellors Cottage. Fernando the Cultivated man to show us round. Babs said "we want to consult you about Cecil" The fever little boy wont say what the matter. He does us incoherent in anything. Want tame cane to him, or want to her; Drudges an ab Latin. Babs uncomfortable. Simple. And the many houses followed us round the garden. Nothy family quietly. No high words. All unmarked critical children. Education weighs on Phelps. Babs. A beautiful map of 18th Century To home. Wyndham Lewis view.

Cu 9. Not mean reader. Evacuate. Get

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dimensions reliably. Thank God, it will be after the house today. Dined with Alice Jane; Nina, Angelica. I think poor old Alice even a little on the bare wheels: no bloom up trees. That to me is very obvious — & Clive should give way — if he were to give up his engagement — my hope! his dis-cursed education; dreams; N. & A. stitched at some private garment. A. abnormally silent & reasons. Duncan came in. Got much boasting. Well that N. has, with his bad eye, given up all hope of painting at the moment. He is marvelous sometimes about my "messes". When I told him the actual figures — 40 £ ors — the man. Thinks. relieved (as) that have been in his place) to find them less than reported. Can odds, Lud Evening, another one than your another: I am reading the 1st Jessica: that send them all off, to be typed: show to L: then provide notes. But no more this morning. The Co-operative Press hangs: I think the young are eager to bite. Peppin began to boom: also Sally Bowle. Dick Sheppard died at his desk yesterday; just finished Lecture some where. A pity, Eminent; if peace is a cause, he had done best that way. an Saturday I "saw": Kyrle. I mean the sudden shock when something moves one. Saw a man lying on the Ran in Hyde Park. New sleepers speed west here to keep off the damp. A cheap attaché Can: a half a roll & bread this moved me. To ten complacency: a pocket testament. He was asleep. other eyes mean. The last tennis

I saw was at the last week end, when Louie was dreaming the building at Knotts Barton. It's My mother used to take us that way when we were children. She used to tell us how she had walked from Telscombe to Newhaven to Rye — a route the little caravan, abominably grumbling, silent, unknown, goes over the downs, taking Englishmen only to work about what one "sees" in this way. Then right always germane: Thurrock, now Christopher, Peter, begins to write a story for him which a compliment. Suggestion: Portrait of a young man" but I'm so fed up with short stories: Judy the day of the Deputation to the Mail. But the PM has the gout. Must I do? Can I get out of it?

Nov. 3rd

Yes I did get out of it: much to my regret next morning when I read that the Deputation had been received by the PM in the Cabinet room at Downing Street. What a chance of "seeing" to have missed! But I had the sense to weigh my own pleasure over the fire with a book; & my freshness the next morning which shed me Thrift the reversion. So I cry quits.

To Southwark Cathedral, walking, yesterday. A Great autumn day for long City walks. I discovered St James Garlick Hithe & St Mary Lambeth. A pleasant morning David Cecil has. On the other hand Rosemary Hodgson rang up & I took Express me to write a signed article. It's the name they want — I don't have. I'm writing a strong Letter to the Letter men who cut his phrases about Peniakoff.

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Tuesday
Nov. 30th.

Yes. it's actually the last day of November. Maybe passed like a streak of hounds after a fox because I've been re-working 3 scenes with such intentness, indeed absorption, that several times 5 minutes past one has shown on the clock & I still at it. So I've never even looked at this stout volume. Thank heaven Cambridge: Felix Reviews: the thing lasts: the better Cold talent only: the Challis at Anns: Newmarket: Oh people unnameable. (So I think, but) have not time to re-read. A great strain; but how magical a compulsion. (What) need not go into the sensation. Have an drunkenness at 8 with Anna. No, no, I will not describe that: don't read it? But I make myself all the same Dragon when she's alone. Innumerable people: the Hutchinsons, Kate Lewis, African, Coal Duckworth, Gerald relics, still littering the drawing room. Some Extravagances: Oxford Walpole Forget-all Hopkins at the Book Show: Vita there, ageing, dabbing her lips red, with Gwen in attendance: my profound Distaste for Harold's slitherers, & Jealousies: Equal Exacerbation from Wyndham Lewis: a Nervous autobiographer: strong what of Mean mind: & limping with some Recklessness, for boots. Leather went out, underclothes: & money ever more boring the hop. Would make £100 by choosing books for the Pelicans, with Morgan & Hugh. Seldom, but have agreed, by way

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q a debt to Lane for Nothing. Owes apology from Leonard to me. And I'm paid 200 by Cosmopolitan, 120 by H. B: another 120: then 25: which adds up to £465 for a handful gold sketches. This a little shames me in Comparison with Nena's take: but then I reflect I put my life-blood into writing, she had children.

At Dunlaum show, we met the Buggs boys, Joe, Major. William: a savoured the usual fusee scent. Joe the slave of the Lustres. And what with the Horse-day when 3 f. comes out? in March Rubbers. Then the Webbs ask us to lunch to meet the Shaws. We fight shy: & are now asked to Lyshook. A very foggy November: a trail of brown every day. Keeping in at home of an Evening. And one of those foggy Evenings, Ethel Smyth came, & then Madame de Pohignac, like a perfectly stuffed cold fowl (K. Lewis, with her white hands, plump, with emeralds, had that look too) Another Evening had Jenner came, commend my recreative nefarious projects: not to let anyone else into trouble. re. And so the month has run through my fingers, with a walk or two: many letters & some divine quiet Evenings. L. when that, I in mine, reading Chateaubriand now, bought in 6 fine vols for one guinea at Cambridge: also much random trash as usual, & many lives & some blue books for my little harlequin book: but no poetry I observe — and Shakespeare, because by instinct supposed

& here must change my scene to white paper. I want prose to quieten my brain. Or am I lazy? Now the sacred hours come, luncheon: a wet damp day; & I must alas lavish my after tea time upon Ed Bowen, for ask that I like her, a source of regret.

Wed. Dec 15th

And then had one glorious dash into the underwood — a temperature. Vita, 3 days absent; Monk House in snowstorm; no walking; cats foot & mats still dominant; back to our party. Young Newsham, ah most free & easy Norgrove & inspectress — Nat & Harry & George & Margaret & Ann William & Elizabeth somebody else — ah ruby on the floor; & then — working, working: the 1st Chapter taken on Monday to the Chancery Lane typist; cold & rain; visits from Mrs Woolf, Herbert, from John yesterday; the Ken junction worms & taxes: offers from Rodker — Decker & Even Mrs Lange wd. like to buy; & our views change: secretly we both want to sell; but John is eager to buy. Jet stingy; must consult Sherwood Stephen: & rebble by mid January: Vita, who dined, was naturally voluptuous, thankful, wont go with them: a parcel of hotheaded, ignorant boys: — well, no one tries to pull this fine menage before lunch sentence together wd stop it. I have sent £35 on a lecture of Duncan, nervously; Karin has taken a house in Regents Park & is transported: Adrian, Katie Lewis left off very well after: Nessa. Angelica down Sunday to Caroes- Christmas is on us, & owing to Lord Wm's doings. I am once more riddled by uncertainties from Sybil. I hate to feel an Italian old fox & a Coleman watching upstairs.

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Sat. 18th Dec.

Oh this cursed year 1937 — struck never let us out of its claws. Now it's kidneys: Ray says he may have a chill, or it may be something wrong with the kidneys: possibly the prostate gland — that perennial horror. It's more likely he says, to be a chill; but can't tell for a fortnight. So we go away with that hanging over us — And once more my only hope is work. So I won't expatiate. The spectacle is plague enough as one more. How much do I mind death? I wondered last night, when I did not go to Helen painter's party, & concluded that there is a time in which the end could be accepted calmly. That's odd, considering that few people are more immensely interested in life: a happy. It's Julian's death that makes one skeptical after I suppose. Not that I ever think of him as dead: what is true. Rather as if he were jerked absurdly out of sight, without rhyme or reason: so violent & absurd that one can't fit his death into any scheme — But here we are, on a fine cold day, going to make Dally at Ickenham: a later proceeding than I can alyze here. In fact I'm still running over 3 ff. finished the 2nd today in typing.

Helen party. Mabel said, coming in from the pantry where she washed up till 2.30 am, was crowded noisy drunk. Several young things felt sorry for typing. The James Strachey made her head ache. This is a jaundiced pantry new: but I would mine have been I daresay had I gone. And I'm promised to guarantee £25 for 2 years. Why? Helen's father exacerbating barleysugars. When she died with Joe here was the old Contrariness Helen & Bernard N. made me ask this question.